



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 2 Aug. 1961



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RACING





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Volume CCXLI Number 3127

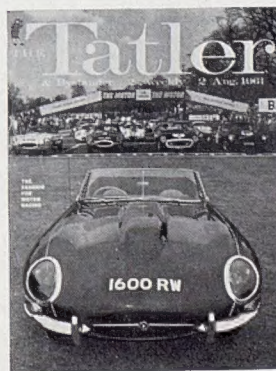
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THE OTHER RACEGOERS

PRE-WAR motor racing, says Gordon Wilkins (see page 220), was very much a case of the English Gentleman v. the Foreign Player, with a few famous and wealthy amateurs racing at their own expense at Donnington and Brooklands. It isn't cheap to race even now, but the post-war boom has brought prices down as well as producing dozens of new and faster makes, hundreds of skilled young drivers and a mass audience numbered in the high thousands at places like Brands Hatch and Silverstone where Jack Esten took the pictures for *The fashion for motor racing*. All of which would surprise drivers of the Nuvolari vintage almost as much as the changes in the London scene would astonish the author of the quotes in *Three hundred years after* (page 214). His name was Daniel Defoe and 1961 is the tercentenary of his birth. Ronald Cohen took the photographs, guided by the often pungent comments of journalism's first reporter. Another famous name but in an unfamiliar context is that of Pablo Picasso, who is celebrated in Vallauris no less for pottery than for painting. Robert Wraight visited the workshop of Mme Suzanne Ramié there and sent back a report in words and pictures, see *Picasso the potter* (page 218). Back to London for this week's fashion pictures. Michael Boys photographed the pictures of clothes for that in-between period from the end of the season to the onset of autumn (see page 227). Social pictures in the section beginning on page 205 include more yachting from the Isle of Wight, the Game Fair in Shropshire, a reception at the American Embassy, a hunt ball in Surrey and a hound show in Peterborough. Muriel Bowen's column begins on page 206. . . .

The cover:



Well out in front, Jaguar's latest contribution to fast cars, the new E type now in full-scale production with heavy export bookings is superimposed on a background of racing cars lined up for the start at Brands Hatch.

Peter Elinskas took the picture.

For more about The fashion for motor racing see page 220

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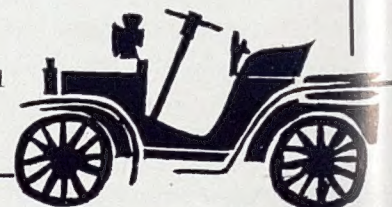
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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Cowes Week, to 5 August. (Fireworks night 4 August; Fastnet race, 5 August.)

Dublin Horse Show, 8-12 August. Hunt Balls in Dublin. Shelbourne Hotel, Kildare Cotton Dance, 7 August; Tipperary, 8 August; Galway Blazers, 9 August. Gresham Hotel, Meath, 10 August; Louth, 11 August. Tickets from Hon. Secs. of respective Hunt Balls, at the Shelbourne or Gresham.

Grouse shooting starts, 12 August. **Son et Lumière** at Stirling Castle, 8 August-22 September. (Tickets: 10s., 7s. & 5s., apply Town Clerk's Office, Stirling, Scotland.)

Perth Hunt Trials, Scone Palace, 2 September.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat racing: Sandown Park, today; Bath, Redcar, today & 3; Catterick Bridge, 4, 5; Leicester 5; Epsom, 5 & 7; Folkestone, Newcastle, 7; Chepstow, Ripon, Wolverhampton, 7, 8; Brighton, 8-10; Beverley, Haydock Park, Yarmouth, 9, 10 August.

Steeplechasing: Newton Abbot, 5 & 7; Devon & Exeter meeting, 9, 10 August.

CRICKET

Barry v. Australians, the Oval, today & 3, 4 August.

POLO

Tidworth Tournament, Tidworth, today, 8-13 August.

Household Brigade Polo Club, Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park. Every Saturday & Sunday, also Monday, 7 August.

SAILING WEEKS & REGATTAS

Menai Straits, to 12 August; Orkney, 1-5; Bexhill, to 4; Wroxham, to 5; Leven, 3-7; Ramsey, I.O.M., 4-7; Maidenhead, 5; Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset, 5 & 6; Scarborough, 5-7;

Roker, nr. Sunderland, 5-7; Southwold, 5-7; Whitstable, 5-12; Henley-on-Thames, Ross-on-Wye, 7; Falmouth, Salcombe, 7-12; West Highland, 8-12 August.

CROQUET

Open Championships, Hurlingham, to 5 August.

MOTOR RACING

Aintree Trophy, Aintree, Liverpool, 7 August.

MUSICAL

Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. nightly (ex. Sundays). (KEN 8212.) **Royal Festival Hall**, London's Festival Ballet in *Swan Lake* (Act II), *The Witch Boy & Bourée Fantastique*, to 5 August; *The Snow Maiden*, 5-12 August. 8 p.m., matinées August Bank Holiday & Saturdays, 5 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

Holland Park Open Air Concert. London Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Rudolf Schwarz, 7.30 p.m., 6 August.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 13 August.

The Artist In His Studio, photographs by Alexander Liberman, Institute of Contemporary Arts, Dover St., to 26 August.

Gonzales, Arp, Moore César, drawings & sculptures, Brook St. Gallery. **Sheila G. Mackie**, scraper-board drawings, Foyle's Art Gallery, to 12 August.

FESTIVALS

Southern Cathedrals Festival. Chichester, Winchester, Salisbury, 4 & 5 August.

Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, Rhos, nr. Wrexham, 7-12 August.

Invercauld Festival, near Braemar, Aberdeenshire. Saturday evenings to September.

Minack Theatre Season, Porthurno, Penzance, to 9 September.



Setting an example of decorous behaviour at a feverish party are Dorothy Reynolds & Angus Mackay, in a scene from the new musical *Wildest Dreams* which opens at the Vaudeville tomorrow night. Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds have created for the setting a fictitious Cotswold town, where a double love story plays itself out through nearly 20 scenes

EXHIBITIONS

Ceremonial Robes & Mantles, Arundel Castle, Sussex, to 29 September.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 1 October.

Stage Design In Great Britain Since 1945, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, 5-26 August.

Regional craft exhibitions: Gloucestershire (Painswick), to 26 August; Lakeland (Ambleside) to 8 August; Devon (Totnes) to 19 August.

FIRST NIGHTS

Whitehall Theatre. *One For The Pot*, tonight.

Vaudeville Theatre. *Wildest Dreams*, 3 August.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 235.

Becket. "... a play of many and splendid merits ... the actors are fully responsive to all the fine shades." Eric Porter, Christopher Plummer (Royal Shakespeare Company, Aldwych Theatre, TEM 6404.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 236.

The Kitchen. "... screen version of Mr. Arnold Wesker's first play. The superb teamwork left me breathless with admiration." Carl Mohner, Mary Yeomans, Eric Pohlmann (International Film Theatre, BAY 2345.)

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING PLACES TO EAT

Cheer yourself up here

John Baker White

C.S.=Closed Sundays. W.B.=Wise to book a table.

Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place, W.1. (GRO 7070.) Restaurant open on Sundays, grillroom closed. Of high and deserved international repute, it retains the air of quiet dignity and outstanding service that is the proper frame for top-quality cooking and a superb wine list. Everything is of the best, from the *pâté* to the fresh peaches and, naturally, it is not cheap. Dinner will cost you about 30s. to 35s. without wine. The grill-room maintains the same high standards. W.B.

The Stable, 119 Cromwell Road. (PRO 1203.) Open 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. Fully licensed to midnight. If you arrive back at London Air Terminal, as I have done more than once, disappointed with cooking on the Continent in relation to cost, then step across the road and remind yourself how well you can do in London. There are 40 places and the tables are set well apart. The Franco-Italian cooking is excellent, and so is the presentation of the dishes and service. Do not miss the fish soup. Main courses cost from 8s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. The wine list is adequate and includes a château-bottled 1950 Château Calon Segue St. Estèphe at 35s. I enjoyed myself. W.B.

Mirabelle, 56 Curzon St., W.1. (GRO 4636.) C.S. One of the most elegant restaurants in Europe. Last year it was awarded the Diploma of the *Comité du Bon Goût et Prestige Français*, the first time a British restaurant has received this honour. It would be presumptuous of me to attempt to give it higher praise. It is a delightful place to go to on a summer's evening. W.B.

Rule's, Maiden Lane, W.C.2. (TEM 5314.) C.S. Both outside and inside it is much the same as it was 50 years ago. My affection for it arises from the fact that I was dining there the night the present owner, Tom Bell, was born, and celebrated the event with his father. The food is good, plain English in harmony with the surroundings, and a meal without wine costs 17s. 6d.-£1 a head. It remains a favourite with the world of the press, publishing and the stage. W.B.

Maison Prunier, 72 St. James's Street. (HYD 1373.) C.S. This is one of the famous names in the restaurant world, and Madam Simone Prunier has maintained its high standard now in London for over 25 years. Both the fish and the wines are outstanding. W.B.

The Changing Face, 11 King's Road, Chelsea (opposite Peter Jones). (SLO 4629.) C.S. Open 7 p.m. to midnight. Describing itself as "London's most informal eating house," it has the virtue of being original in an unoriginal world. With candles and piano music it should suit young



PETER PITT

Maison Prunier—25 years of Paris in London

people. There are menus ranging from 10s. 6d. to £2 2s., and *à la carte*. Usually about the place is an excellent conjurer John Muir, who, for a modest fee, will entertain you at your table. Unlicensed, but they will send out.

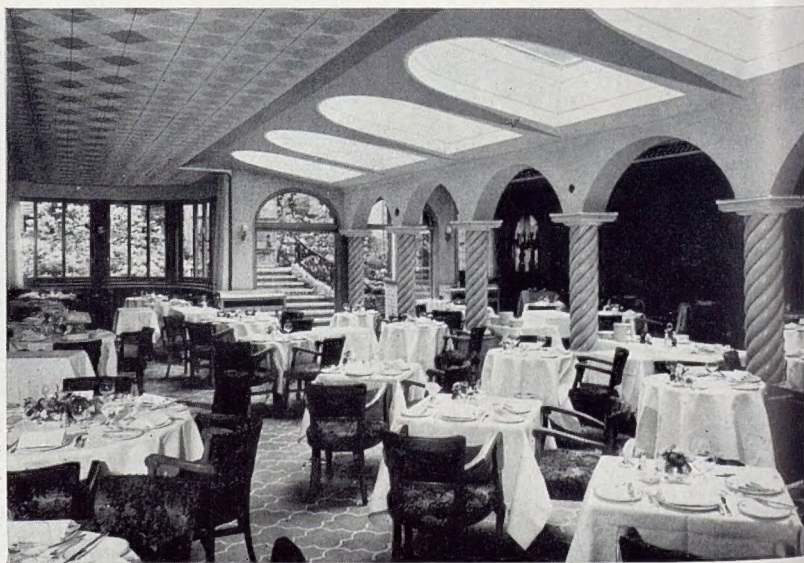
The Empress, Berkeley Street, W.1. (MAY 6126.) An amiable addition to London's top flight of luxury restaurants. The décor is both original and charming, and the food excellent, with a wine list to match. Open for theatre suppers, but no dancing. The cost is up to you, but the regular main course is about 15s. Mario Gallati is managing director, and Negri, from L'Ecu de France, the manager. W.B.

Canton by the cathedral

Guozi restaurant, Market Square, Salisbury. Soon, I suppose, any sizeable town will have its Chinese restaurant. Mr. Chu Kwong, who came to Britain 12 years ago, is a Cantonese and has a number of his home-town specialities on his 94-item menu. The two-floor restaurant

Rule's—rendezvous for theatreland

JOHN MALTBY

*The Mirabelle—elegance on a summer's evening*

seats about 100, the food is good, and not at all expensive. There are English dishes for those who do not like Chinese food.

Dover's dangerous rival

Hostellerie Bretonne, 23 Avenue du Vindictive, Ostend (opposite the yacht harbour). Some of the best soles in the world are caught off this coast, and quite a few of them find their way into this small and pleasant restaurant with its array of shining copper. M. Brichot-Pilloy is his own chef, and outstanding as a fish cook. If in doubt, choose the memorable *Sole Normande*. Food is dear in Belgium, but it is well worth the 16s. 6d. it will cost you. *W.B.*

...and a reminder

Royal Court Hotel grillroom, Sloane Square. (SLO 9191.) Range of cooking wider than the word "grill" implies.

Jamshid's, 6 Glendower Place, South Kensington. (KNI 2309.) Consistent in the high quality of its curries.

Au Savarin, 8 Charlotte Street. (MUS 7134.) One of Charlotte Street's better

known small restaurants. *N.B.* the wines.

The King's Head, 85 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. C.S. No table bookings. Good value for money for office workers or residents in the district.

The Bridge, 25 Basil Street (behind Harrods). (KEN 1723.) C.S. Remains one of the best of London's smaller restaurants.

GOING PLACES LATE

Why the cover charge?

Douglas Sutherland

ONE OF THE MINOR IRRITATIONS OF LIFE FOR ME IS THE PRACTICE OF motor car showrooms of announcing the price of their wares in large type with the far from insignificant matter of purchase-tax put in brackets almost as an afterthought. Yet I suppose that there is some justification in that Americans and others taking a car out of the country are not concerned with the small type. I cannot, however, find any justification for the continued practice by many clubs and restaurants of adding a mysterious figure to their bills for an item usually described as *couvert*. The origin of this iniquitous imposition is of course a hangover from wartime austerity, when there was a 5s. maximum charge for meals. Certain restaurants were allowed to put on a small surcharge for out-of-the-ordinary facilities. Inquiring of the proprietor of a well-known Chelsea restaurant the other day how he justified a *couvert* charge, I was asked indignantly how I thought he managed to provide clean table cloths and make no charge for bread rolls. It was not a cheap restaurant either. It seems to me that one might as well offer raw meat and make a special charge for cooking it. Surely the time has now come for all restaurateurs to make up their minds what they can sell a meal for with a fair profit, and refrain from trying to persuade their customers that their goods are cheaper than they really are.

On the vexed question of tipping, however, I am inclined to take the opposite view. It seems to me that there should be a fixed scale for tips that can quite properly be added to the bill, providing it is clear to the customer that he has a perfect right to erase it if he has reason to complain about the service. Equally he can add to it if he is particularly well satisfied. This system would have the advantage of bringing bad service to the notice of the management as well as stabilizing a situation where the mean fellow gets away with gross undertipping and the generous or well-minded are often put upon.

I am often asked why night clubs continue with the system of entrance fees when many late night restaurants manage without it. The answer lies in the cost of cabaret. In the late-night restaurant where cabaret is provided there is a minimum charge for eating, whereas in a night club there is no obligation to eat. On the whole I think this works out reasonably fairly though of course there are places that take advantage of the situation by making a big entrance charge and providing little for it. You will find, however, that few, if any, of the big names are guilty in this respect. A bad reputation travels fast and offenders soon find themselves without customers.

A few weeks back I wrote about the new **Sir Harry's Bar** which was due to open on the site of the old Balsam restaurant at the corner of Down Street and Hertford Street. I went along to see how far Czech-born, ex-tennis champion Jerry Vydra had been able to carry out his plans, and this new late night restaurant looks like being the big success I forecast. In view of my foregoing strictures on charges, I particularly like the all-in system at the Sir Harry whereby the diner knows exactly what he is in for. The dinner dance costs 37s. 6d. for a seven-course dinner and no extras. There are several nice touches like a glass of sherry on the house to start the meal and free cigarettes provided afterwards. This means that you can enjoy a dinner dance until 2.30 a.m. at a safe £2 a head, which is much more reasonable than many places which would have you believe that they are cheaper. West Indian Jerry Morocco plays the piano at lunchtime and in the evening, when he alternates with a three-piece dance band. Waiters and waitresses are in traditional 17th-century costume that matches the décor.

Another idea that I think many West End restaurants might copy is concentration on one really first-class dish that varies every day. This gets over the boredom for the regular eater-out of combating the sameness of the menu which not only never varies month in and month out but bears a marked resemblance to the restaurant next door. The traditional English dishes served at the Sir Harry vary from York ham to roast beef & Yorkshire pudding and roast duckling of a quality hard to beat in London.



Peggy Lee, who continues her season of cabaret at the Pigalle this week

Cabaret calendar

Hungaria (WHI 4222) Joan Heal, final week

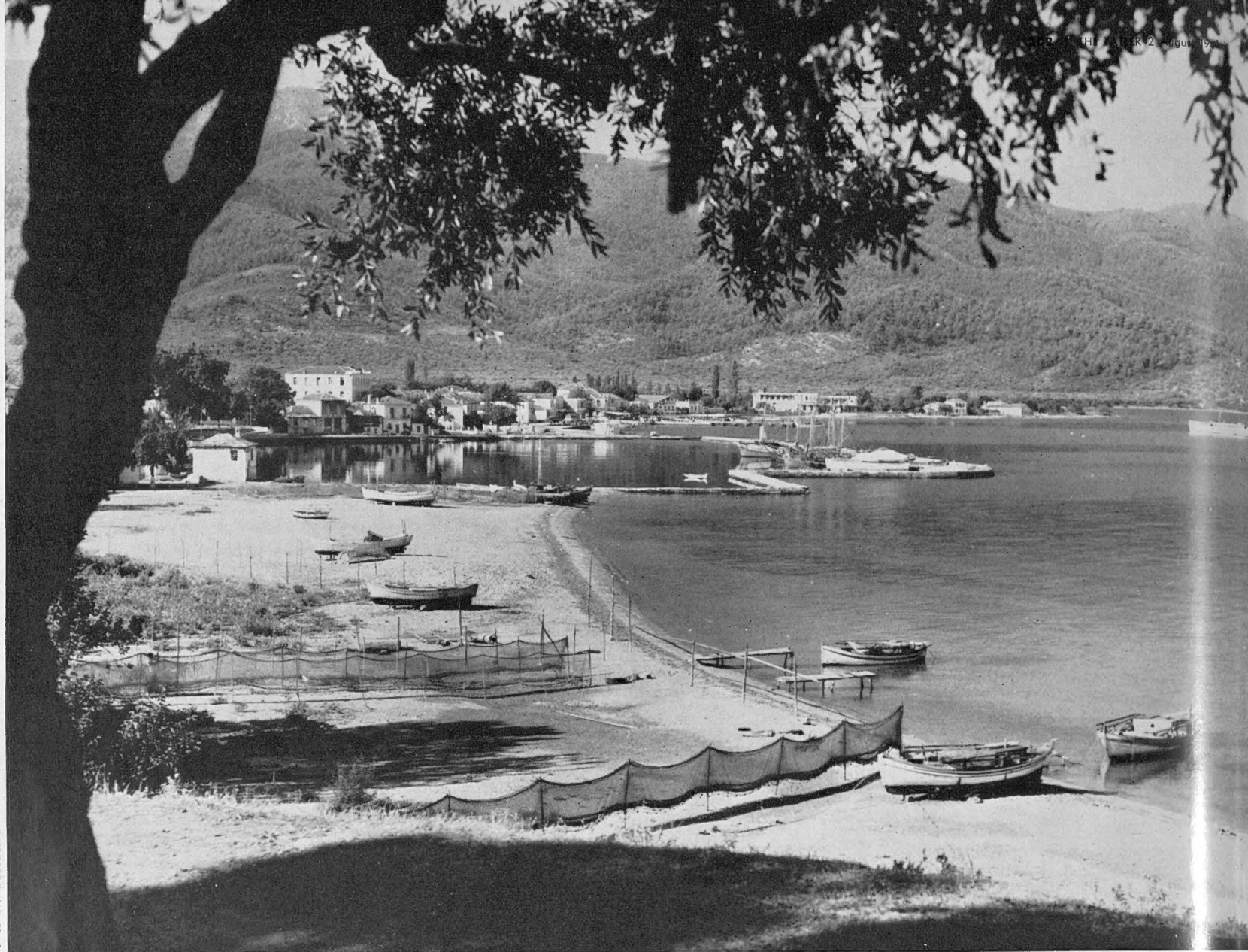
Talk of the Town (REG 5051) Frances Faye, American singer with the Ten O'Clock Follies

Winston's (REG 5411) Danny la Rue produces and stars in *This Is Your Nightlife*, plus early

evening show, **Old Time Music Hall** **Quaglinos** (WHI 6767) Noel Harrison

Embassy (HYD 5275) Paul Watson, songs at the piano, with Davy Kaye **Savoy** (TEM 4343) Ballet de Silvia Ivars, plus for one week, Hugh Forgie & Co., comedy badminton act **Society** (REG 0565) Sonia Stevens

V. & N. TOMBAZI



Thasos: an overgrown garden of roses and fuchsia

GOING PLACES ABROAD

More Greek islands

Doone Beal

ONE HAS ONLY TO ENTHUSE ABOUT THE CYCLADES, OF WHICH I WROTE last week, to have somebody ask: "Ah, but have you never seen the Sporades? Rupert Brooke's island of Skyros? Or Skopelos and Skiathos?" Surely enough, one could spend an eternity of summers in exploring the inexhaustible isles of Greece which, even within a single group, offer a beguiling variety. Such are the island boat schedules, however, that one must often make the agonizing decision between a two minute call into the harbour or two whole days ashore. Thus I cruised the three main islands of the Sporades, which lie in the north-eastern Aegean, in a day. It was Skiathos, with its twin harbour towns lying like a butterfly in the harbour, that lured me most strongly to stay, but I resisted because there is, so far, no proper hotel. People stay in guest houses, though a cabana-type hotel is being built near its spectacular mile-long beach and some knowing Athenians are already buying up land on the island: itself a pointer.

My sights were set, instead, on Thasos, a large, comparatively isolated island in the Gulf of Salonika. From the Cyclades with their white, windy saltiness, Thassos is different in almost every respect. It is densely forested, thick with olive, pine and chestnut trees dropping sheer to the coastline, often without a beach at all; but where there are beaches—and there are three beauties, to my knowledge—they approxi-

mate to those of the Caribbean (of which Thasos frequently reminded me), with the softest imaginable powder-white sand.

The Xenia Hotel (Xenia, by the way, being the generic name for all hotels built by the Greek Tourist Office) is on the edge of the waterfront. Charminglly decorated, with extremely comfortable rooms and private bath or shower, it has the advantage of Salonikan cuisine (the best in Greece), and the gardener, who did double duty as barman, learned under our tuition to make excellent martinis. So much for creature comforts, though one other little hotel, the Theano, would do at a push, and waterfront cafés are both lively and numerous.

Behind the flat little esplanade of the port, the houses look as though they had been planted in a tangled, overgrown garden full of phlox and geranium, roses, fuchsia and hydrangea, with the added exoticism of peach trees. Five minutes' walk away, the old town—dating from Phoenician times when gold was found there—lies with the tumbled white pillars of its *agora* in a weedy, poetic muddle. Not enough funds have yet been raised to excavate the rest of its undoubted treasures. It was here that Cassius was cremated after the Battle of Philippi, and serious archaeologists find a great deal more to interest them. Some of the walls of the old city remain, as also does part of an arch built to the Emperor Caracalla whom the Thassians welcomed with much the same spirit of flexible expediency as they also extended to both the Spartans and the Athenians by turn. Perhaps the most lovely sight of all, quite apart from its archaeological interest, is from the acropolis, high on the hill over the port, and some 50 minutes' climb.

The most practicable way to reach Thasos is to fly up to Kavalla from Athens, then take the daily steamer across. Or alternatively to take your own car over on the ferry from Keramoti, a little farther on. Ferry services tend to be casual, but one can commission the ferry boat for 200 drachmas (about £2 10s.). Up to a point a car is worth it, since a chartered boat in which to explore the shores of the island can run for around £8 a day, depending on time and distance. The best beach of all, Chrissiamos, is only 20 minutes away from the harbour by road, and Makriamos, a charming, smaller beach with a few fisherman's cafés on it, is even closer. As, also, is the delightful little beach of Pappalimani with a vine-roofed *taverna* at the water's edge. At night, lit by lanterns, it is dreamy, though, unless you have ordered by bush-telegraph from the hotel, you won't find refreshment any more elaborate than tomatoes, anchovies and *ouzo*. Finally, if island torpor roots you to the spot, as well it may, there is a quite adequate little beach straight outside the hotel.

Altogether, I left this gentle, languorous place with regrets that I had not planned to spend more time there (a constant hazard of island travel), but to the extent that it is rather on its own, one is spared the pleasurable agony of wondering what the islands next door are like. As I have pointed out before, the present steamer schedules from Piraeus curb this wanderlust by making it, for the most part, impossible to travel from island to island without returning to Piraeus and starting afresh. I was glad to hear from the Greek Tourist Office in Athens, who fully appreciate these difficulties, that six new boats are to be built by 1963 which will be run for the convenience of visitors. Possibly some of the kicks of travel-by-chance will go, and some local colour with it, but they should save some heartbreaking wastes of time.

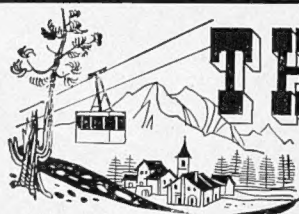
While touring the islands, I met two groups of British visitors who were touring the lesser known Cyclades partly by regular steamer and partly by chartered caique. Staying in second class hotels, they were hugely enjoying £70 worth of a two-week holiday, London back to London. This seemed to me to be an excellent compromise between the hazards of independent travel on existing services, and the enormous expense entailed in chartering a yacht or caique privately. Departures from London are every Saturday between now and 16 September, and details can be had from the Rambler's Association, 48 Park Road, Baker Street, AMB 1001. On Thasos an hotel will cost about £3 per head a day, though this includes food. Flights between Athens and Kavalla are on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, and take just over an hour. One of the most helpful agencies in Athens is Hella Travel, near the Grand Bretagne Hotel, telephone 30541.

Skyros (*below*): roof-top patterns. Scopelos (*bottom*): the church at Panagitsa
V. & N. TOMBAZI



PAVLOS MYLOFF

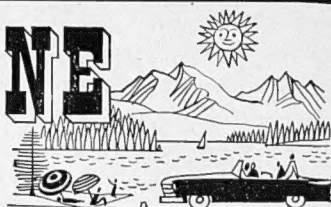




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|----------------------|------|-----------|----------|
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| Raetia | 90 | 22.— | to 34.50 |
| Seehof | 110 | 22.— | to 34.50 |
| Valsana | 140 | 24.— | to 38.— |
| Anita | 45 | 18.— | to 28.— |
| Belvédère-Tanneck .. | 65 | 17.— | to 28.— |
| Carmenna | 50 | 18.— | to 28.— |
| Central | 50 | 18.— | to 28.— |

| Daily | | | |
|-------------------|------|-----------|---------|
| Hotels | Beds | all-incl. | rates |
| Furka | 35 | 18.— | to 28.— |
| Isla | 40 | 18.— | to 28.— |
| Merkur | 40 | 18.— | to 28.— |
| Suvretta | 40 | 18.— | to 28.— |
| Alpina | 30 | 17.— | to 25.— |
| Bahnhof | 30 | 17.— | to 25.— |
| Guardaval | 20 | 17.— | to 25.— |
| Hohe Promenade .. | 20 | 17.— | to 25.— |
| Hold | 35 | 17.— | to 25.— |

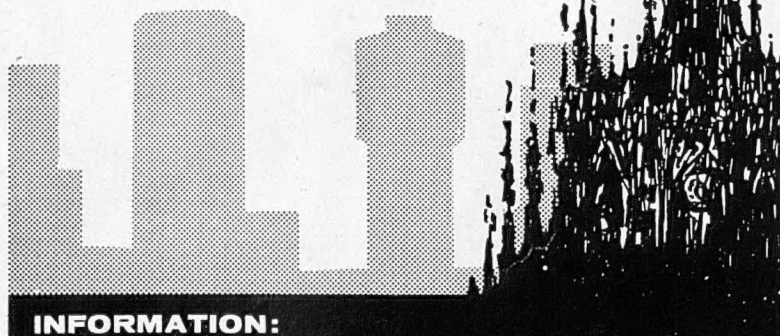
| Daily | | | |
|---------------------|------|-----------|----------|
| Hotels | Beds | all-incl. | rates |
| Hof Arosa | 75 | 17.— | to 25.— |
| Quellenhof | 30 | 17.— | to 25.— |
| Gentiana | 30 | 17.— | to 25.— |
| Obersee | 30 | 17.— | to 25.— |
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THE TATLER 2 AUGUST 1961

THE SERVICES SAIL OUT



Best view of the Inter-Services yacht racing on the Solent was from the balcony of the Seaview Yacht Club. Noting scores are Wing Commander J. F. Sanders, Rear Commodore R.A.F.S.A., Major R. Gravells, Army Sailing Association, Wing Commander B. Brown, R.A.F.S.A., and Captain W. A. Haynes, Medway United Services Sailing Association (by the binoculars). Muriel Bowen reports an Army victory overleaf with more pictures by Desmond O'Neill



Crews are taken out to their Mermaids by launch

Muriel Bowen reports

THE FIRST BOATS FOR THE INTER-SERVICE REGATTA at Seaview, Isle of Wight, set off to clearing skies and a stiff breeze. Later in the day there was a party and the gold trophy was filled with champagne, but this is one regatta where the sailing is what matters most. **Col. Sam Waller**, a Gunner from Larkhill, won the Gold Cup (originally given to the Royal Yacht Squadron by Kaiser Wilhelm) and the Royal Air Force got the team event for the Coningham Cup. This Regatta started at Seaview after the war and has gone on there ever since; this year's turnout was the biggest ever. The regatta is made possible because Seaview lends its fleet of Mermaids; a smart lot of boats they were, too, as I watched them go off on the first heat from the Club Deck. "They like our boats but we will have better ones for them next year," **Col. C. Macleod-Carey**, the secretary of Seaview, told me. **Arthur Robb** is designing a new fleet of 10 for the club. The venture is being financed partly from the kitty and partly by "Loan Notes." Members are being asked to contribute £45 and this will mature at £50 after anything between one year and 12, depending on a club lottery. It's the brain-child of the finance chairman, **Mr. Cecil Taylor**. The entire cost of the boats will be somewhere about £14,000; a large sum of money for any single club, but then sailing is booming. I met **Air Marshal Sir Arthur McDonald**, keen as mustard, who arrived by air. The Air Marshal is a great figure in inter-Service sailing. In Singapore there is a trophy named after him, and he once took the helm of a boat in such a hurry that he forgot to remove his bowler hat. The Royal Air Force has had a great run of success in this regatta ever since it started and it was no surprise when it took the team event. "More and more of our men are sailing all the time," Sir Arthur told me. In parts of the country where they are away from the



Seaview Yacht Club has the best view of the Solent

Cdr. R. M. Herbert Smith, R.N.S.A., hoists sail



sea they sail in old gravel pits. Sailing or watching I met: **Lt.-Col. A. C. Whitcombe**, the Commodore at Seaview, **Col. Richard Longland** (vice-president of the Services regatta for the past 16 years), **Surgeon-Lt. Ross Coles** who sailed the royal yacht *Bluebottle* last year and who had a very good win at Poole with *Nortie* earlier in the season, *Lady Coningham*, and **Comdr. Dick Hewitt**.

THE AMBASSADOR SETTLES IN

Cricket has become *the game* at the U.S. Embassy. The children of **Mr. David Bruce**, the new Ambassador, & **Mrs. Bruce** are batting and bowling furiously on the lawns of Winfield House, one-time home in Regent's Park of **Barbara Hutton**, and now the residence of American Ambassadors. It's enough to counter the Common Market worries of **Mr. Menzies**, the Australian Prime Minister, who told me a couple



R.A.F. Fighter Command's crew: F/Lt. F. L. Wherry, F/Lt. Saunders & Sgt. D. Newman, the helmsman



Right: Royal Armoured Corps crew at the beginning of a heat



Left: The timekeeper, Capt. Paul Berryman, R.N.



Left: Lt.-Col. R. H. B. Longland, vice-president of the Army Sailing Association and one of the principal organizers of the event

THE SERVICES SAIL OUT *continued*

Miss P. Mills of the W.R.N.S. and (far right) Capt. Adrian Jardine, a leading yachtsman and competitor



of years ago after stepping out of his plane at Washington airport that the one serious thing wrong with America was that it gave up playing cricket 150 years ago.

The young Bruces have obviously picked up from father the diplomat's knack of making friends. It's only a month since they joined their parents, but Alexandra, 15, David, 13, and Nicholas, 10, have no trouble at all when it comes to fielding two teams. Masses of children, some British but mostly American, swarm on to the Winfield House pitch at the weekends. Mr. Bruce is an interested spectator, for sometime he's even been threatening to play. Now it's getting to what Mrs. Bruce describes as "the eleventh hour" if father is to be able to hold his own as a batsman against his family; it seems to me that somebody will have to whisper to the children that it just isn't cricket to bowl out the Ambassador first ball.

Mrs. Bruce is a welcome addition to London's diplomatic wives; she's an international beauty with enormous brown eyes that add excitement and emphasis to everything she says and does. Unlike so many beautiful women she's also got plenty to say and she says it entertainingly. Just now she's busy hanging pictures. Mr. Jock Whitney's remarkable collection returned to the States with him so the Bruces inherited bare walls. Luckily, as things turned out, one of their first guests was the Virginian philanthropist, art collector and sportsman, Mr. Paul Mellon. He immediately offered some of his pictures and other friends of the Bruces, including Mr. Robert Kerr and friends of the Coe collection, have sent some of theirs. The coming of the pictures will mean the opening of the large drawing-room where the Whitney pictures were the great conversation piece and which has been closed since they left. None of the pictures

CONTINUED ON PAGE 210



A hawk soars over Weston Park as Mr. W. A. Foster gives a demonstration of falconry

THE BIG GAME FAIR

Up 5,000 on last year's 20,000 attendance, the 4th annual Game Fair at Weston Park, Shropshire, attracted devotees of field sports from falconry to angling

Mr. Jack Mavrogordato was another of the falconry demonstrators

Mr. T. J. Greatorex was one of the stewards of the fair

The Earl of Northesk was commentator for the gun dog trials





A. L. Matthews, chairman of Game Fair committee. Right: Countess of Bradford, hostess to fair, in the archery section



A signpost sums up the attractions at the fair



Monsieur Charles C. Ritz, author of books on fishing and a maker of rods, demonstrates casting

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN

Major-Gen. C. D. L. Turner, Mr. C. S. Smith & Mr. R. B. Verney



Sir Francis Sykes, Bt., & Mr. R. B. Edwards



The Earl of Bradford, Lady Cecilia Howard & Mr. W. H. Harrison



Muriel Bowen

CONTINUED

will come, as previously reported elsewhere, from the National Gallery in Washington. Mr. Mellon (he's been buying the finest of the Stubbs' which come up at Sothebys) is sending pictures from his private collection. One is a Canaletto of St. Paul's. Most of the others he's never hung (mainly for lack of room) either at his place in Virginia or as part of the Mellon Collection in Washington.

There's been no shortage of people at the parties to meet the new Ambassador and his wife. It was a full house at the cocktail party in their honour at the Allied Circle in Green Street where **Lord Dudley Gordon** and **Lady Hoyer Millar** received the guests. **The Duchess of Buccleuch** was there, also **Sir Peter Agnew, M.P.**, & **Lady Agnew**, Mrs. **Charles D. McDaniel**, Mr. & Mrs. **Everard Hambro**, and the **Hon. Henry Hankey** & Mrs. **Hankey**. The guests also included Mr. & Mrs. **Wilson T. Moore Beale**, Prof. & Mrs. **Arthur Newell**, Mr. **S. Lewis Jones**, the new Minister at the U.S. Embassy, Mrs. **McNeill Robertson** and **Lady Evans**. The Allied Circle find that its commitments in making people from abroad welcome here are constantly increasing. "In the past we've had tombola, bridge and all that sort of thing and raised £75,000," Lord Dudley Gordon told me. "We need £150,000 to discharge our present liabilities, and have a bit over, so now we're appealing to business, especially to the sections of British business which depend on good relations abroad." Spearhead of the fund raising efforts is **Lord Lloyd**, the Circle's treasurer. "A splendid treasurer," Lord Dudley Gordon says appreciatively. Another opportunity for the English to meet Mr. & Mrs. Bruce was provided by the English-Speaking Union (*pictures opposite*). About 250 members and friends gathered in the panelled reception rooms of Dartmouth House, drank champagne, and heard a speech of welcome from **Lord Baillieu**. **Field-Marshal Viscount Slim** & **Viscountess Slim** were there, also **Sir Philip** & **Lady McBride**, **Sir James** & **Lady Gault**, **Lady Gore-Booth**, Mr. **Kenneth Dibben**, the **Earl** & **Countess of Ranfurly**,

Miss Anne Marsh, and the **Hon. Sir Alexander** & **Lady Theodosia Cadogan**.

Beforehand there was a dinner party for Mr. & Mrs. Bruce and among the guests were **Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John** & **Lady Slessor**. Sir John heads the Union's committee which sends lecturers to America. Americans enjoy being lectured to and Africa is probably the most topical subject there at the moment Sir John told me. "There is no shortage of people who want to go and lecture," he added. "The job of my little committee is to persuade people who really know their stuff and can talk, to spare six weeks." Summing up the other side of his duties he said crisply: "Of course we've also got to see that those not worth sending are properly warded off." The E.S.U. is a vital organization. It also hums with air marshals here, Air Force generals in the United States. **Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty**, the Director General, was telling me that 250,000 books have been sent by the headquarters in London to developing countries of the Commonwealth in the past 18 months. "They've been given to us free, sent free and distributed free," he told me proudly. This is called the Ranfurly scheme after **Lady Ranfurly** who masterminds it.

AIR MARSHAL IN OILS

Coastal Command has one of the finest collection of portraits of any mess and this week it has an addition, the portrait of **Air Marshal Sir Edward Chilton**, the Commander-in-Chief. It's the work of **Anna Zinkeisen**. She tells me: "I enjoyed painting him. He's a wonderful sitter—very considerate and patient." People usually think of Coastal Command as embracing the coasts of Britain. It is in fact a vast command, taking in the North Sea, half of the Atlantic and stretching right down to Gibraltar. During Sir Edward's two years as Commander-in-Chief the headquarters at Northwood has grown in prestige and importance. It is today a vital link in the world-wide nuclear defence chain. Sir Edward's portrait joins those of former O.C.'s of Coastal Command in the hall of the mess. The hall also has another link with Sir Edward, a fine stained glass window which he had put there some years ago. It depicts the now famous role of Coastal Command in World War II.

CANDLES FOR KWAME

This time of year it's not only England that goes gay. A Battersea firm has just dispatched 200 candles to Moscow so that Dr. Nkrumah could entertain Mr. K. to a candlelit dinner at the Ghanaian Embassy during his visit there. The candles are highly ornate and in the national colours of Ghana. They were taken to Moscow by special messenger.

A portrait of Air Marshal Sir Edward Chilton, C.-in-C. Coastal Command, has been painted by Anna Zinkeisen, seen with picture and sitter. It will hang at Coastal Command H.Q., Northwood, Middlesex. See Air Marshal in oils



The American Ambassador, Mr. David Bruce, & his wife greet the first guest, Lady Cohen, at the reception given by members of the English Speaking Union. Behind them: Lord & Lady Baillieu



Lady Fogarty & Mr. George Ritchie

Reception for the U.S. Ambassador

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSTLER



Mr. G. H. McNeil from Nassau & Mrs. Henry Tiarks. Right: The Countess of Ranfurly & Mr. Elim O'Shaughnessy



Count Serge de la Marche & Miss Virginia Lyon

Two guests in the pool, watched by others

HUNT BALL

Guests danced on the lawns and swam in a heated pool at the summer ball of the Surrey Union Hunt held at Ghyll Manor, Rusper, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Kitchen

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



One coin in the fountain, thrown by Lady Davina Kleimcort



Mrs. O. A. Kelly, who organized the dance. Right: Mr. O. A. Kelly, Lt.-Col. Frank Weldon & Mrs. Peter Allpress



Mr. Tommy Kay with his mother & stepfather, Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Kitchen

HOUND SHOW

Masters of Foxhounds from all over Britain travelled to Peterborough for the annual Royal Foxhound show where the Heythrop Hunt's Blackcock was judged the champion stallion hound

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL



The Duke of Northumberland, the Hon. Mrs. Morrison & Mr. J. Cobby. Below: Sir Watkins Williams-Wynn, Bt., show president



The Duke of Gloucester & the Duke & Duchess of Beaufort watch Percy Durno with the Heythrop hounds. Below: Mrs. G. A. Murray Smith



Lord Leigh & Mrs. W. W. B. Scott





'The face of London was now in need strangely altered'

'A large detachment of the Horse Guards keep their post here'

300 YEARS AFTER

First of the special reporters, most mordant of pamphleteers,
best-loved (for Crusoe) of English novelists,
Daniel Defoe—born 1661—would probably today be writing
television documentaries. Ronald Cohen took the pictures for this
re-creation of a Defoe tour of London, guided by quotes
from the published journals





*'That prodigious paper commerce called stock-jobbing is given
as one of the principal causes of the conflux of the
nobility and gentry from all parts of England to London'*

*'Hampstead is
indeed risen
from a little
country
village'*



300 YEARS AFTER

CONTINUED



'It is come into so exquisite a management that nothing can be more exact . . . than the Post Office'



'The Savoy . . . may be said to be, not a house but a little town, being parted into innumerable tenements and apartments'





'But the beauty of all the churches in the City, and of all the Protestant churches in the world, is the cathedral of St. Paul's'

*Far left: 'It is true, the river or Pool, seemed at that time to be pretty full of ships'
Left: 'Nearer the shore the land looked more frightful than the sea'*

I SAT in the cool, tastefully designed showroom of the pottery at Vallauris, near Cannes, which Suzanne Ramié owns jointly with her husband Georges and to which Pablo Picasso came one day 14 years ago to say: "I would like to work here. Will you have me?" Recalling that moment with fervour, Madame Ramié told me how she agreed on the spot to the idea and how it had changed so many things in her life. "Picasso is a great artist. I am only an ordinary potter like thousands of others," said Suzanne Ramié, though everything around us as we talked disproved the second part of her statement. In fact nothing about Mme Ramié is ordinary. A petite Parisienne, now 50 and grey-blond, but still with the *soigné* stamp of the capital on her, she has been at Vallauris since she married the potter Ramié 26 years ago. Her parents were both doctors but she was a talented graphic artist fresh from art school. Soon after settling in the ancient town, where the Romans used to make their bricks, she began to try her hand at pottery and immediately showed a remarkable aptitude for it. In the following years her fame as a ceramic artist spread far beyond Vallauris where today not one of the scores of potters, now reaping the benefits of the boom Picasso brought to their town, is in the same class as she.

The little scrap of red wool in the lapel of the smart black-silk suit she wore for our meeting indicated that her services to French art had been rewarded with the *Légion d'Honneur*. This information I learned from official sources after she had declined to talk about it and after people close to her had said that they could not be sure whether the honour was for services to art or to the Resistance Movement!

Almost everything Picasso knows about the potter's craft was taught him by this self-effacing woman who, incidentally, also numbers Matisse, Chagall, Miro and Foujita among her pupils. In his early days at Vallauris it was her vases, jugs, plates and dishes that Picasso decorated with his unique, fanciful designs or distorted into never-seen-before shapes. "His methods," says Mme Ramié with classic understatement, "are not exactly orthodox. In fact, any apprentice who worked as he does would be fired." Effortlessly the Master began to turn vases into birds and jugs into women. Plates came alive with fauns and centaurs, fish and bulls, painted with a few magically deft strokes. So great was the appeal of these extraordinary creations when they were first exhibited that the artist could not meet the demand for them and the idea of reproducing them in limited "éditions" was born. The idea has brought unprecedented prosperity to the Ramiés' Madoura Pottery but has, at the same time, demanded great sacrifices of Suzanne Ramié. Her own art was forced into the background and she became a sort of catalyst for the *Editions Picasso*. She has no regrets. She is content, she says, to have played a small part in helping Picasso to give the world a new and exciting art form.



Mme. Ramié and Picasso in the workshop of her Madoura Pottery

PICASSO THE POTTER

BY ROBERT WRAIGHT

She still makes a limited amount of her own magnificent pottery, classically simple in form and, since Picasso came on the scene, completely free of decoration. ("It would be silly to compete with him.") Often the things she makes are nearly as big as herself yet she told me, "Whenever I get ideas for really big projects I stifle them and remember my duty to Picasso." I thought this a pity, and told her so. Quickly she asked, "You don't like Picasso?" I assured her that I did but, looking at the examples of her work that filled the room we were in, I added that I believed she was the better potter. She shrugged a little impatiently and led me into a second showroom over the door of which was a sign "*Editions Picasso*."

Here, a large photograph of the artist brooded over a selection of jugs and bowls and plates, each a realization of one of his whimsical jokes. All were reproduction pieces from *éditions*

running into several hundreds. Prices, which were much higher than those for Madame Ramié's unique pieces, ranged from 60 New Francs (about £4 10s.) for a small plate and 100NF for a small vase to 1,500NF for a *grand oiseau*.

Thousands of these things are now scattered throughout the world but few of their owners, I imagine, know to what extent their treasured pot or plate is the work of Picasso. It was a surprise to me to learn that, for instance, he has never "thrown" a pot for himself. "He was already too old when he came to us to learn to work on the wheel," Madame Ramié explained. Instead he practised and experimented with shapes produced either by her or by *chef tourneur* Jules Agard, who has been with her for 22 years and who has made the thrown parts of all the thousands of reproduction Picassos and of almost all their prototypes.



Yvan Oreggia, the decorateur (left) and Jules Agard, chef tourneur



in Oreggia prepares four-legged bird vases for final firing



Picasso's bronze, L'homme au mouton



Picasso jug—150NF



Editions Picasso plate



Picasso ceramic

With Agard in the workshop behind the show-rooms is *decorateur* Yvan Oreggia, a young man responsible for the re-creation of the decorative motifs. Between them the two craftsmen and an assistant produce almost the entire output.

Picasso, who today is working at painting and iron-sculpture and half a dozen other things with the frenetic energy of a man who feels that time is running out, still keeps the pottery well supplied with new designs.

The prosperity his activities have brought are readily acknowledged. Picasso's name is on everyone's lips, his statue *L'Homme au mouton* stands, highly respected, in the principal square.

But few of the townspeople ever remember, and none of the visitors is ever told, that but for Suzanne Ramié he might never have stayed to work in Vallauris. It was the beauty of her work that first fired his imagination. He has never forgotten it. No one else should.

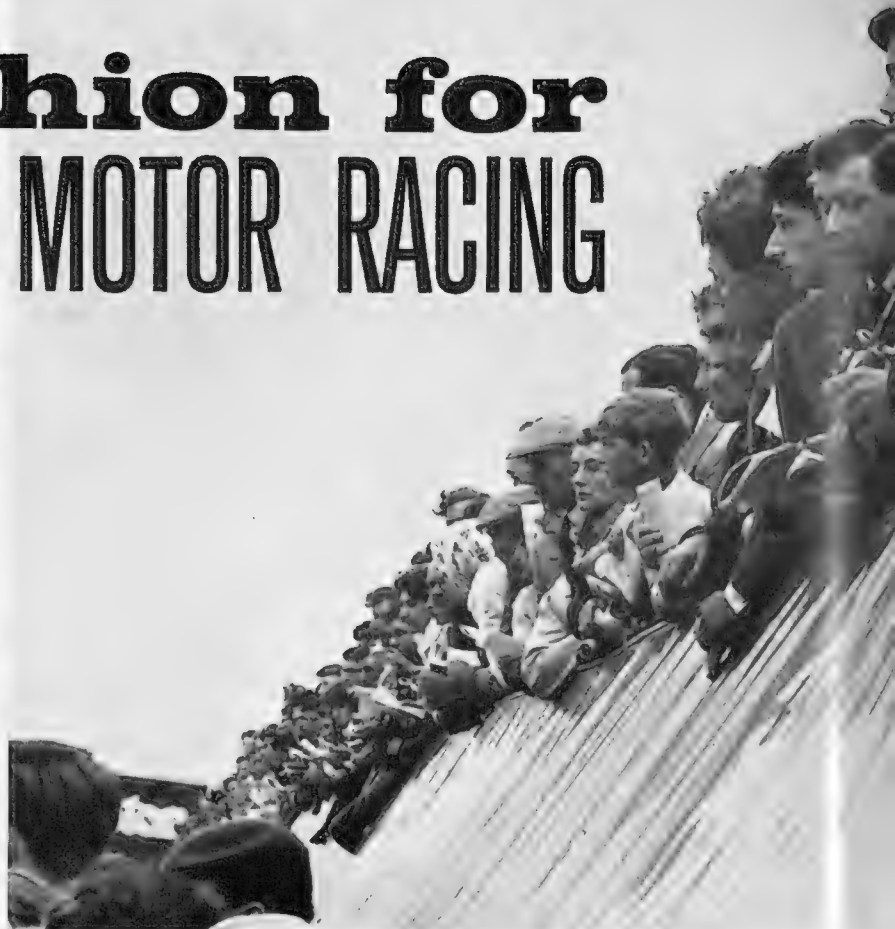


Pots by Suzanne Ramié showing one of her own rare decorations



Plantholder, stork and (foreground) a water garden, all by Suzanne Ramié

The fashion for MOTOR RACING



The line-up on the grid for the start of the Junior Formula Race; 20—T. Taylor, 22—A. B. Rees, 23—P. Warr, all in Lotus Fords. Top: Lucien Bianchi in a Lotus corners Copse Corner at 100 plus

NOW MOTOR RACING HAS BECOME A MAJOR spectator sport there are some eager young things around on the circuits who think you are old if you actually saw Fangio drive. Even Stirling Moss whom I have known since he was a small boy riding ponies in gymkhanas says wryly, "There are kids with hair on their heads who are coming along awfully fast." As I admit to having known Dick Seaman, to having watched Nuvolari and Rosemeyer in their heyday and to having raced against Winille, Benoist and Gordini, I propose to park my invalid chair, hang up my crutches and inflict a few reminiscences upon you. Prewar motor racing was very much a case of the British Gentleman v. the Foreign Players. "The right crowd and no crowding" was the slogan of the Brooklands track, which meant that a few thousand enthusiasts put up with sketchy amenities to watch wealthy amateurs racing at enormous expense to themselves. Dick Seaman, Whitney Straight, Raymond Mays, Prince Bira, John Cobb and others could drive as well as pay the bills, but there wasn't much scope for anyone from the other side of the tracks unless he was a Fred Dixon, addicted to strong waters and strong language and apparently indestructible. Bentleys, MGs, Rileys, Aston Martins and E.R.A.s made a name in sports car events and light car races at home and abroad, but in Grand Prix racing (the ultimate test of man and machine) we were non-starters. The only speed sport for the impecunious driver and constructor was sprints and speed hill

Gordon Wilkins explains how the fashion developed and lists the cogent factors that make motor racing Britain's fastest-growing spectator sport. Jack Esten took the pictures at Silverstone



Watching at Silverstone, former world champion Juan Fangio and Stirling Moss, the man whom the title still eludes

ubs; a short dash along Brighton front or a seconds of crowded life hurtling up Shelsley Walsh, Prescott and Rest And Be Thankful.

The war paved the way for the British boom in motor racing. Brooklands and Donington were taken from us, but in return we had a whole series of surplus airfields which could be turned into passable imitations of true road circuits. They made possible the spread of Formula Three racing in little motor-cycle-designed single-seaters that provided the training ground for drivers like Stirling Moss and Peter Collins, and sports car racing which provided many more including Mike Hawthorn. The Coopers, father and son, turning out their little single-seaters in a suburban garage, soon became the world's greatest constructors of racing cars, surpassing the production figures of Mercedes, Alfa Romeo, Bugatti and all the great names in the history of the sport, while Colin Chapman proved equally successful with lightweight sports cars. For a while the Alfa Romeos, Ferraris and Mercedes shared the Grand Prix honours between them but John Heath's H.W.M. built on a shoestring began to score a few successes and the millionaire industrialists joined in. Tony Vandervell with his Vanwalls, Alfred Owen with his B.R.M.s in Grand Prix racing and David Brown with his Aston Martins and Sir William Lyons with his Jaguars—the latest of which, the E type, went straight from works to track—in sports car racing.

Step by step, Britain became a major power

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Hats are gay and quirkish, ranging from the ubiquitous headscarf with its overprint of vintage cars to the vizor cap worn by a visitor from the U.S. Motor Club and proving that for watching at Silverstone it's not what you wear but the way that you wear it



in International racing, and the effect was cumulative. With races to be run and prizes to be won nearly every weekend talented young drivers could make a full-time occupation and there were sufficient rewards to attract good engineers and mechanics. The advertising value of racing successes attracted the component manufacturers and soon British cars had the best brakes, tyres, plugs, shock absorbers, while Coventry Climax built special racing engines. This helped Cooper and Lotus to produce Grand Prix cars that crushed all opposition. The Italians invented Formula Junior 25, an alternative to Formula 3 in which the British were invincible, but within a year our drivers and constructors had swept the board.

Successful drivers and constructors now make big money and racegoers can take their pick from a greater selection of good meetings than you will find anywhere else in the world, but motor racing is still far from self-supporting and if it were not for the generous help of the oil and petrol companies supplemented by practical aid from component suppliers and large injections of cash from the newspapers who sponsor the big meetings, racing as we know it would fade swiftly away. Successful drivers can get £5,000 to £7,000 a year for putting their signature to a fuel contract, and large sums are spent in backing car constructors who agree to use one brand of fuel and oil throughout the season. The *Daily Express*, which used to sponsor the big Silverstone meetings, paid out



The International Touring Car race provides a chance for hotted up Miniminors to lap at over 80, the Jaguars at over 100. Below: A Lotus Ford off-loaded and ready



Copse Corner . . . taken by Massimo Natili in the newest Maserati. . .



between £80,000 and £100,000 a year to sponsor two meetings of top international quality. These attractions drew attendances as high as 150,000 and profits ran as high as £10,000 a year which was ploughed back into circuit improvements. To get top Grand Prix teams on the starting line you have to pay £1,000 or more per car, and sometimes air freight for cars and mechanics adds another £500 per car. Prize money can soak up over £2,000 for a meeting and there are salaries and wages to be paid, advertising and printing bills, payment for police and ambulances, and heavy insurance premiums. A wet day can wash away the profits and on a good day the Chancellor can collect up to £10,000 in Entertainment Tax. If it were not for the great army of officials, sometimes as many as 400 per meeting, who travel at their own expense and give their services free the costs might be prohibitive.

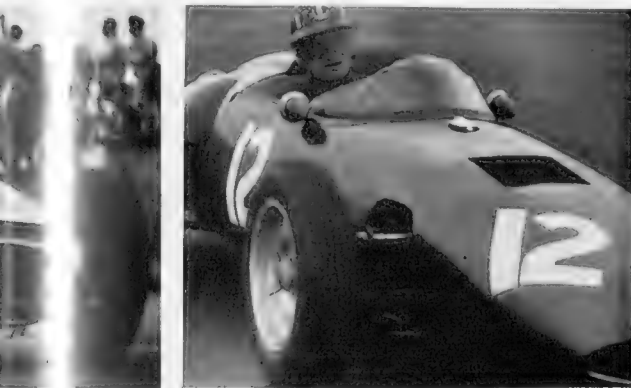
For the race promoter it can be quite a precarious business but for the successful driver the rewards are high. The entrant of the car usually pays the driver a share of the starting money and apart from the prize money there is as much again to be collected in bonuses. But apart from the direct rewards there are endless fringe benefits to be picked up by a top rank driver—personal appearances at up to £100 a time, opening garages and showrooms, endorsing advertised products and taking part in TV shows. He can ask up to £500 a day for film guest appearances and reckon to receive anything up to £500 a week for driving on endurance tests. But at any moment an accident may put an end to these high earnings, much of which goes in tax anyway. He has to learn to treat repairs to his body as casually as he does repairs to his car.

On the record you can argue that Grand Prix racing, where only the best cars and the best drivers are involved, is the safest branch of the sport, but this is only part of the story. There are long weary hours and days testing on empty circuits and the practice before the race. This is where the driver has to find the car's limitations. This is usually the time when things break. There are horrifying accidents which have claimed the lives of many famous drivers, like Cabianca, Harry Schell, Castellotti, Ascari, Agnelli, Wimille and Varzi. These are the lonely moments of fear which the crowd never sees, when the driver is really working for his living,



Inquest on a smash-up. R. Costey's Cooper B.M.C. had crashed in the Junior Formula race. Costey was taken to hospital with superficial injuries. Left: World Champion Jack Brabham, in his Cooper

THE FASHION FOR MOTOR RACING *concluded*



... by Graham Hill in his B.R.M.



... and by Stirling Moss



Silverstone details. Far left: A mechanic takes time out from the pits to check track performance of his charge. Left: Each spectator carries at least one camera, this one took three. Below: Feet more at home on control pedals—they belong to Stirling Moss



LORD KILBRACKEN

The dancer, and the chauffeur, and the barefoot nurse

THE MALE BALLET-DANCER, THE QUEEN'S CHAUFFEUR, AND I; WE SAT in a neat row on a plain bench in the Ladies' Gymnasium at St. George's Hospital, S.W.1, twiddling our bare feet in unison with a nurse, who was twiddling her bare feet likewise. Why, you may well ask, were we there? Why in particular—for it really wasn't one of my usual environments—was *I* there? I'll do my best to explain. We were in the Ladies' Gymnasium because, for reasons which I can't even guess at, that is where the Men's Foot Class takes place at St. George's thrice a week. (And I once heard a lady being instructed to go for treatment to the *Men's* Gym, which shows how perverse they are.) The ballet-dancer had damaged his left foot performing some pirouette or *pas seul*. The left foot of the Queen's chauffeur was showing signs of wear and tear from repeated use of the clutch while conveying Her Majesty round London and elsewhere. And I had torn my right Achilles tendon when following a blonde down an Italian mountainside.

How much I have learnt of physiotherapists, of doctors, hospitals and nurses, of waiting-rooms and X-ray rooms, of plaster of Paris, crutches and bandages—and of the fallibility of human judgment—in the seven long months since then! I was whisked direct in the blood-wagon from the scene of the accident to a modern mountain hospital, that is accustomed to dealing with 50 or 60 fractured limbs a day, and which might be thought, therefore, to be reasonably experienced. I was examined, I was X-rayed (for the first of half a dozen times), and was pronounced to have twisted my ankle; my leg was encased in plaster, and I was then discharged.

The plaster came off three weeks later (in Ireland) and in the course of the next three months I saw three more doctors—one in Dublin, two in London. I went from one to another in this way because I didn't really seem to be getting much better, though I was progressively able to change my crutches for two sticks, my two sticks for a single stick, and then to get around, without *too* much trouble, stickless. They all agreed unanimously that I had torn or pulled a ligament.

When I moved to London at the beginning of May, I was able for the first time to go along regularly for treatment, which hadn't been possible from Killegar because the nearest establishment with the necessary equipment was 87 miles away. Three times a week I would go along to a hospital, which I shall leave nameless, and spend 15 minutes being electrocuted. This is called Faradism. It's not an unpleasant sensation, something like catching hold of an electric fence when the battery needs charging. It sent a series of shocks down the front of my leg, making my foot give a corresponding series of involuntary jerks, every two seconds or so, as the current flowed through it.

This would be followed by 10 minutes of Exercises; I had a nice blonde nurse to look after and guide me, which compensated to some extent for the annoying fact that this took an hour or more out of my morning, three times a week. (I made a habit of working on *The Times* crossword puzzle while being electrocuted, a luxury that cannot usually allow myself, so I became rather good at it—another small consolation.)

After a month or more of this, I got to see the doctor again—the sixth time I'd seen a doctor since my prang five months earlier. And the doctor said: "I say! How interesting! What *have* you been doing? You've ruptured your tendon Achilles!" He really said this so that I made me think at first that I had somehow ruptured it during the three months since I'd last seen him.

"How *very* interesting," I said.

And here's a curious thing about it. *So* interesting was my case that the eminent neurologist called in a young and beardless student and asked him to have a look at the thing and say what he thought was wrong.

The student deftly turned me over, and felt me here and there and then at once pronounced: "Ruptured tendon Achilles." Out of the mouths of babes, I thought, and out of the mouths of sucklings. Thus my whole month of going to the hospital had been just a waste of time (apart from the crossword puzzle), because the electric shock *should* have been down the back of my leg instead of down the front. It was at about this time that I began to wish that I had taken the advice of all my neighbours in Ireland, and gone for "the cure of the sprain" from Mrs. McGooohan, who is the local faith-healer. As they put it at the time: "Sure, there wouldn't be a bit of harm."

Soon afterwards, I moved from S.W.6 to W.2, and therefore changed hospitals to St. George's, because it happened to be the nearest. Now, for just about the first time, I began to get the right treatment, though *they* made me (and still make me) lie prostrate, face downwards, when being electrocuted, which makes it impracticable to do the crossword; instead, I think beautiful thoughts. And then I go along to the Ladies' Gym, for half an hour of Exercises.

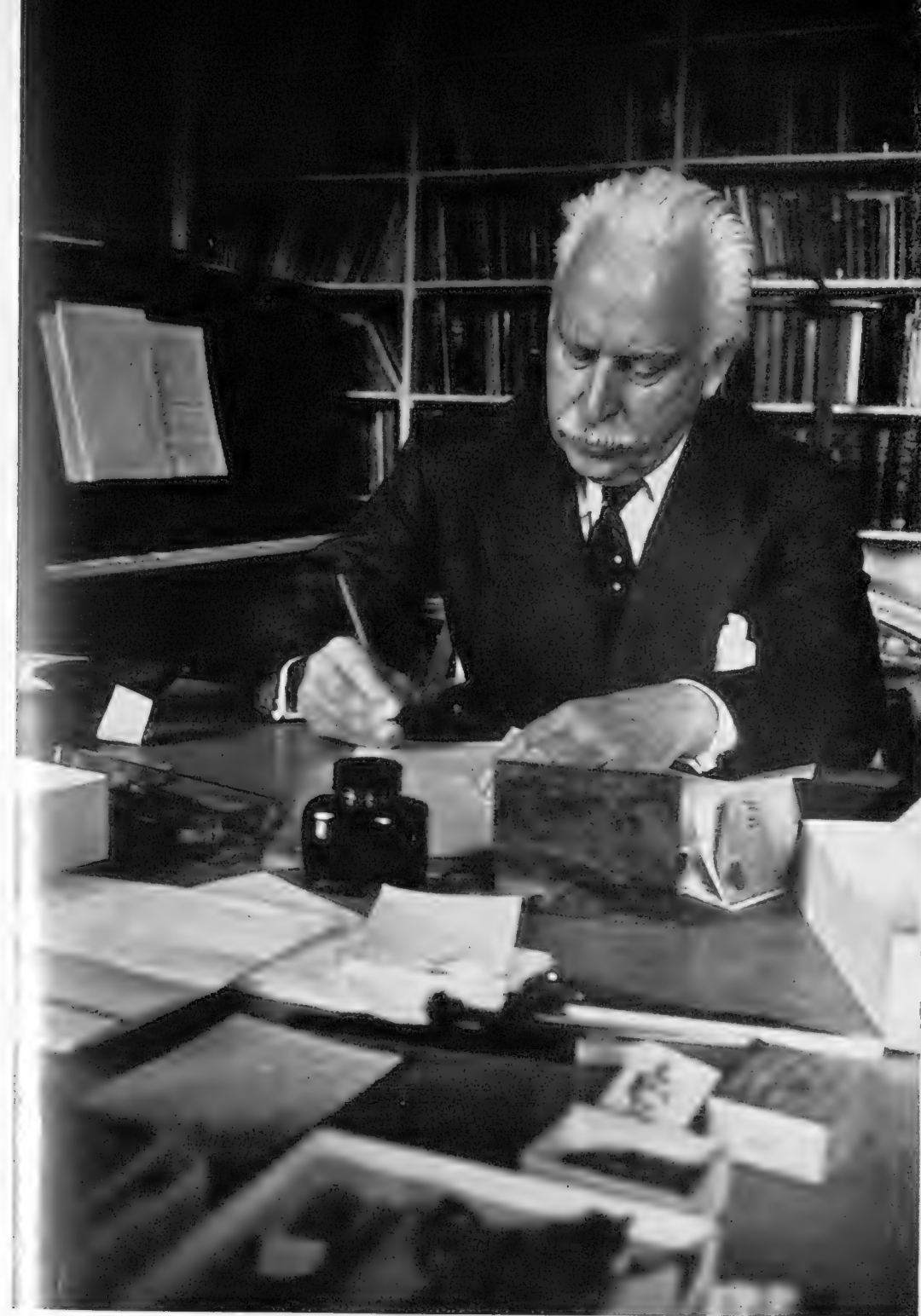
Under these at-last-favourable circumstances, I'm glad to report that my tendon is now mending. It must be; the other day, I actually ran after a bus. I have also danced a rumba; and I am now being assured that in little more than a month or two I may finally be cured. This, as may be imagined, will be something of a relief. Even though it will deprive me of my party thrice a week, with the nurse, the ballet-dancer, and the chauffeur of the Queen.

THE MASTER IS 70

*The score of
"Greeting To A
City," the
Flourish he
wrote for the
American Wind
Symphony
Orchestra*



Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Music, is 70 today. At his home in a charming cul-de-sac in St. John's Wood he is currently working on two new works—a cantata for the consecration service of Coventry cathedral, and a piece to celebrate the 25th anniversary celebrations of the Air Cadet Corps. An active president of the London Symphony Orchestra ("it will soon be one of the best in the world") Sir Arthur conducted his own Colour Symphony (written in 1922) at a Promenade Concert last night



Sir Arthur at work on his cantata for Coventry cathedral

PHOTOGRAPHS:
A. K. LOW



Sir Arthur & Lady Bliss. He inherited the grand piano from his mother. The bust is by Epstein





BESTS FROM BRITAIN

British cutlery comes from Sheffield and Birmingham. Traditional designs in stainless steel are being replaced by Scandinavian thoughts. This is Boston, a range by Elkington, in satin-finished Firth-Vickers steel. Boxed 9-piece place setting costs about £2 17s. 9d. at Heals, W.1; Beales, Bournemouth; H. L. Brown, Sheffield

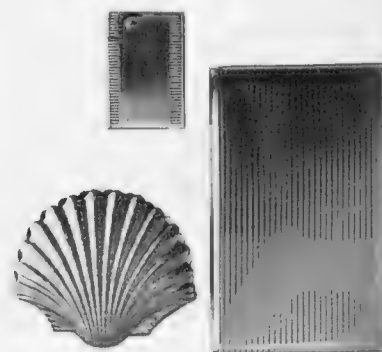


British leather goods are still made by craftsmen in Harrods own workshops. Their hand-made luggage forms part of the store's range. This is part of a set of luggage in white Luxan hide, lined with red moiré. Cases up to 34 inches (prices from £29); also a deep hold-all (£13 19s. 6d.) and a hat box (£30). Brief-cases are designed here as well, and work is projected in coloured leathers



British porcelain has been made to a consistently high standard by Royal Worcester since 1801. Coinciding with their summer exhibition of Victorian Porcelain, Royal Worcester have a display in their Curzon Street showrooms where examples of patterns in the modern idiom as well as revised designs like this one, called Lavinia, are on view. The fluted shapes are patterned with rambling blackberries on off-white. Seven-piece place setting, £5 8s.; coffee cup and saucer, 19s. 3d.; coffee pot, 60s. 6d.; coffee jug, 38s. All at Thomas Goode, 19 South Audley Street

British silverware has been associated with the name Asprey since 1680. Today, above their Bond Street shop, new designs are evolved and traditional ones produced for their stock. Excellent craftsmen interpret simple engraving or more elaborate commissions. Three traditional Asprey designs here are a silver wafer lighter (17 gns.), a ridged 9 carat gold ultra-slim cigarette case with sliding action opening (Asprey's patent) at £225, and a 9 carat gold shell powder compact with hand-chasing, £182 10s. Another workshop on the premises produces leather work



INTELLIGENCE REPORT

After promoting other countries over the past few years, Harrods have decided this is the time to promote Britain. An exhibition called Britain's Best opens there tomorrow for three weeks. Mr. Reginald Maudling, President of the Board of Trade, will be there. The Central Hall has been turned into a Baronial Hall, where craftsmen will work against a setting of antique armour. A Harris tweed loom operator will work on the actual material used in the store's made-to-measure tailoring. There will be a wood carver, a leather craftsman and other skilled workers. And departments will feature displays of British goods at the same time



British woodware can be found at Harrods. Here a hand-carved bowl in smooth, grained walnut. The craftsman supplies the shop with his own work. Each bowl is individual and prices start at about £6—an average-size salad bowl is about £7 8s. This bowl is £19 15s. The arrangement is by Pulbrook & Gould who stock a selection of dried nuts, fruit, bark and flowers for their customers to buy individually

AUTUMN PRELUDE

Collecting clothes for cooler days, photographed in London by Michael Boys



AUTUMN PRELUDE

CONTINUED

Left: Visiting Cardinal's Wharf, on the South Bank, in a suit of navy and red checks on white by Charles Creed (London) Ltd., 15 gns. at Dacea, Marylebone,

Wells. Brooch by Adrien Mann at Dickins & Jones, W.1., 15s. 6d.

Right: In Lawrence Street, Chelsea (left) a charcoal-and-grey check



N.W.1.; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells; Doris Cox, Bristol. Hat by Dolores, about 75s. 11d. at the Galleries Lafayette, Regent Street, W.1.; Brights of Bristol.

Above: Admiring Bryan Kneale's steel sculpture "Armour 1961" at the Architectural Congress Exhibition, in a tobacco-brown wool and angora dress by Miss London, 8½ gns. at Fenwicks, W.1; Diana Warren, Blackpool; Samuel Cooper, Wilmslow. Turban by Dolores, about 49s. 6d. at Harvey Nichols, S.W.1. Mary Lee, Tunbridge

Tricel suit by Miss London, 9½ gns. obtainable at Harvey Nichols Little Shop; Rackhams, Birmingham; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Hat by Dolores Glamour, about 6½ gns. at Harrods; Bon Marché, Liverpool. Brooch by Adrien Mann at Dickins & Jones, 17s. 6d. Right: Deep lilac and black worsted dress by Eric Hill, 13 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; Cripps & Sons, Liverpool; McEwens of Perth. Hat by Dolores Glamour, about 4 gns. at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Edith Dennett, Wilmslow, Cheshire

The Dukes House

Monmouth House



AUTUMN PRELUDE

CONTINUED

Left: Shopping at The Conservatory, Fulham Road, in Dorville's grey tweed sleeveless dress. It has its own three-quarter sleeved tailored jacket, and both are fully lined. About 33 gns. at Woollands, Knightsbridge; Vogue, Cambridge; Samuels, Manchester. The scarlet velour hat trimmed with black ribbon is by Dolores, about 6½ gns. at Harvey Nichols, S.W.1; Daly's, Glasgow. Gilt earrings (£1 7s. 6d.) and bracelets (£1 7s. 6d.) each by Adrien Mann at Dickins & Jones



Right: Viewing architect Theo Crosby's silver metal pyramids—the top the Headquarters of the Architectural Exhibition on the South Bank—in San Clair's charcoal grey flannel dress. 12 gns. at Fifth Avenue, W.1; Ruby Mills, Belfast; Milda Hanson, Nottingham. Cherry velour coche trimmed with black leather by Dolores Glamour. About 7½ gns. at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Rackhams, Birmingham. Adrien Mann's plaited gilt bracelets at Dickins & Jones, from £1 7s. 6d.

Far right: Getting clued up at the Moroccan Information Centre, Shaftesbury Avenue, in Fredrica's mustard wool dress. In a hopsack weave, with bloused back and flared skirt, 7½ gns. at Simpsons, W.1; Fenwicks, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Bentalls, Kingston. Mustard melusine trilby swathed with smoke-grey jersey by Dolores Glamour, about 5½ gns. at Harvey Nichols, S.W.1; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham. Adrien Mann's plain gilt bangles, 13s. 6d. each at Dickins & Jones, W.1





AUTUMN PRELUDE

CONCLUDED

Left: Under a ladder in Goodwin's Court off St. Martin's Lane; an orange wool jumper suit by Miss Polly. It costs £6 12s. 6d. at Wallis Shops, London and branches; Werff Bros., London and branches; Rackhams, Birmingham. The black velvet hat is by Dolores Glamour, about 4 gns. at Galeries Lafayette, W.1.; Ryles, Whiteley Bay. Plain gilt bracelets by Adrien Mann, at Dickins & Jones, £2 12s. 6d. each

Right: Silhouetted against one of the most intriguing views of St. Paul's from Cardinal Cap Alley, on the South Bank is a Reldan—Digby Morton suit in brilliant orange tweed. 11 gns. at Dickins & Jones, W.1.; Brights of Bournemouth; Hammonds, Hull. Emerald green felt hat edged with black velvet by Dolores Glamour, about 5 gns. at Harrods, S.W.1.; Green-smith Downes, Edinburgh



Profiles are worth promoting. Dining *à deux*, watching a film, seeing a play, sitting in a car—the profile's the thing that counts.

Promotion: a firm, taut jaw. Chinlines tighten after a course of Traxator treatments at The Beauty Clinic where Ray Cochrane likes people to come in every day if possible (10 minutes every day is better than half-an-hour once a week).

Promotion: an uncreased neck. Try the Clinic's throat rejuvenation treatment—a big pot of throat cream which is massaged in three nights a week, protected with a layer of tissues and covered with a thick wodge of cotton wool heated round a hot kettle. Cover up with a towel and leave for 10 minutes. Cost: one guinea plus a book of instructions and exercises. Exercise: turn head to left, then right, stretching round as far as possible with head held high.

Promotion: a leaner cheek. Try the model girl trick of an angled triangle of darker foundation beneath the cheekbones. If cheeks are really plump, use as dark a beige foundation as skin tone allows.

Promotion: a more retiring nose. Compete against the angle of the nose with a curtain of hair falling on to the face, or adopt check bangs. Slim the nose with a shade darker foundation than the rest of the face. Desperate? Plastic surgery has never been better.

Additional lures: a pair of sweeping lashes distracts attention from imperfect architecture. Steiner's fake lashes are marvellously believable and the knack of fixing them is easily learnt. Apply a pin-thin line of fixative and push lashes gently into position with an orange stick. Mix them with your own with a layer of mascara. Try an eye-capturing piece of hair jewellery in the evening. Presents of Dover Street have silver hairpins with butterflies or flower heads sitting on the ends which fix the eye on the hair rather than profile.

PROFILE PROMOTION

GOOD
LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON



DOUGLAS H. JEFFERY

A Cockney seer resolves a domestic crisis in genteel Hampstead, in *Goodnight Mrs. Pullin*, new play at the Strand Theatre. Above: the heroine (Irene Handl) explains her plan to Rodney Diak & Cicely Hullett

VERDICTS

ANTHONY
COOKMAN
ON
PLAYS

Stop The World—I Want To Get Off.
Queen's Theatre. (Anthony Newley,
Anna Quayle.)

The Seven Ages of Mr. Newley

IT IS A RARE AND CURIOUS PLEASURE IN THE LIGHT MUSICAL THEATRE TO come across an entertainment in which substance and form are so much one that the story seems as if it could be told in no other way. This is not to say that the substance of *Stop the World—I Want To Get Off* at the Queen's is itself remarkable. It is simply the re-telling in contemporary terms of the familiar history of the Seven Ages of Man, from the infant newling and puking in the nurse's arms to the lean and slippered pantaloon falling into second childhood. Mr. Anthony Newley and Mr. Leslie Bricusse do the re-telling. Mr. Newley directs. He also plays the lugubrious clown who gets on in the world by a series of lucky chances and gets only an empty satisfaction from his success. But what is charming and original in the show is not the book, which tumbles into banality, not the lyrics, though some are set to catchy tunes, but the oddly winning way in which the whole thing is presented.

The sad-faced clown with his off-beat humour and air of conscious wickedness, and Miss Anna Quayle playing Mrs. Everywoman, occupy the centre of a circus ring designed with a splendid crimson "big top" by Mr. Sean Kenny. On the low tiers at the side of the ring are half a dozen teenagers wearing parti-coloured tights. It is their business to illustrate the progress of the action with little songs, little pieces of acting and groupings which owe much to Mr. Kenny's subtle lighting and even more to Mr. Newley's happily inspired direction. All this may sound off-putting, and for at least a quarter of an hour I resigned myself to a truly terrible evening, but once the show had slipped into gear I, together with the whole audience, settled down thoroughly to enjoy a show which, in spite of not infrequent dips into cheap political satire and sentiment altogether too lush, we found—till the very last long quarter of an hour—continuously fresh and exciting.

Those who have seen Mr. Newley on the television screen in *The Strange World Of Gurney Slade* will have a pretty fair notion of his performance as a penniless tea-boy who becomes a millionaire, a peer and an elder statesman. He partly mimes, partly sings and partly acts a progress that puts him in the way of taking the mickey out of English life, domestic and political, in his own sometimes naïve, sometimes witty way. The script to which he works—whether his own or Mr. Bricusse's—is not pointed quite sharply enough to meet the needs of an allegory which aims high, but the deficiency is largely made up by the skill with which the director drives home his points in song and dance, in light, colour and nicely calculated movement.

In the perilous opening Mr. Newley mimes the hero's approach through puberty to a virile manhood. We cannot help reflecting, unfairly but inevitably, with what a fine economy of means and a much greater vividness of effect M. Marceau would tackle the same theme. It is not long before Mr. Newley banishes thoughts of possible rivals and takes command of the stage by right of his own personality. There is something of the true clown's pathos at the heart of his best comedy, and it is perhaps a flaw in the construction of the allegory that his occasional panic-stricken cry "Stop the World!", ending in an unnerved whine of self-pity, should usually be called forth by the women of many nationalities who persist in bearing him unwanted children. One would have thought . . . in these days . . . still, there it is. But, despite these trials, indeed chiefly through having had to face a shot-gun marriage with his boss's daughter, the tea-boy breaks into the millionaire class, into the best of the "snobs'" clubs, into Parliament (his wooing of the electorate in a song called *Mumbo Jumbo* is a very happy invention) and into the enormous respect accorded in England to longevity. And at the end of it all he has the luxury of lamenting with self-pitying bitterness that it has all been for nothing, since he has never been able to give his heart to anyone but himself.

Mr. Newley is lucky in his actress partner. Miss Quayle, as the typically English woman, the typical Russian woman, the typical German woman and the typical American woman torch singer, brings off all four with a wit that belongs to herself rather than to the lyrics she is given to sing. She is a considerable part of the evening's curious pleasingness. I hope that a musical that can justly be said to be unlike any other will successfully attract the audience that it deserves.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

A new director dazzles

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, MR. BRYAN FORBES, THE ACTOR AND SCRIPTWRITER, told me rather wistfully that he thought he could make a pretty good job of directing a film, if somebody would give him the chance. Well somebody has—and **Whistle Down The Wind** proves that Mr. Forbes was so right. This touching and delightful film, based on a novel by Miss Mary Hayley Bell and produced by Mr. Richard Attenborough, could not, I feel, have been better directed by anyone. A Lancashire farmer's young daughter (Miss Hayley Mills), entering her father's barn one evening to feed the kittens she has saved from drowning, finds a bearded man lying on the floor. "Who are you?" she asks, staring at him with frightened eyes. The man stares back at her, terror fading from his haggard face; in his relief at seeing the child—and not the police from whom he is a fugitive—he gasps out "*Jesus Christ!*" The little girl rushes away in a state of tremendous excitement: she had learned at Sunday school that Christ would one day return, and she has no doubt that this has now happened. She tells the wonderful news to her younger sister (Miss Diane Holgate) who unquestioningly accepts it and agrees that they must keep Him hidden from the grown-ups; they both know that the last time Christ came to the earth He was crucified—and this must not happen again.

They are forced to confide in their very small brother (Master Alan Barnes), who tags along after them when they carry bread and wine to the barn—and through him the secret spreads among all the other children in the neighbourhood, who flock to the farm to pay their homage. The man in hiding is wanted for murder—as well he knows. He is at first mystified by the behaviour of the children—then gradually their innocent faith softens and shames him. When the police eventually track him down, he gives himself up without resistance; he is armed, but to use his gun would be to show the watching children that they had been mistaken in him—and this he cannot bring himself to do. Thanks to an excellent script (by Messrs. Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall) and Mr. Forbes's intelligent direction, there is not a trace of mawkish sentimentality about the film—it is, in fact, funny as well as affecting. Mr. Alan Bates as the wanted man and Mr. Bernard Lee as the farmer in whose barn he hides give fine performances—but it is, of course, the children who effortlessly steal the picture. You will find them irresistible.

In **Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea**, Mr. Walter Pidgeon plays an American admiral (name of Nelson, believe it or not) in charge of an atomic submarine undergoing sea trials near the North Pole. While gliding blithely along at a great depth, the vessel is suddenly bashed about by huge chunks of ice which come rocketing down from above. Up pops Mr. Pidgeon to the surface to see what's wrong.

Plenty's wrong. A belt of radiation encircling the earth is aflame and will burn the world to a cinder if nothing's done about it. Mr. Pidgeon decides to fire a missile which he happens to have handy into the glowing belt, to break it up. He is opposed by a female psychiatrist (Miss Joan Fontaine), a religious maniac (Mr. Michael Ansara) and his crew, all of whom just want to go home. I wanted to go home, too, but I sat this preposterous film out to the incredible end—and very unrewarding that was, I can tell you.

I cannot enthuse, either, about **On The Double**—a sort of jazzed-up, farcical version of *I Was Monty's Double*. Mr. Danny Kaye, an American G.I., is called upon to impersonate a British general—"the hero of Alamein and Tobruk"—who is in danger of being bumped off by Nazi agents. His adventures struck me as singularly unfunny—and I

Whistle Down The Wind. Director Bryan Forbes. (Hayley Mills, Bernard Lee, Alan Bates, Alan Barnes)

Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea. Director Irwin Allen (Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine)

On The Double. Director Melville Shavelson. (Danny Kaye, Dana Wynter)

By Love Possessed. Director John Sturges. (Lana Turner, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.)

The Keepers. Director Georges Franju. (Jean-Pierre Mocky, Pierre Brasseur)

can't say I particularly cared for the idea that a British general should be represented as a fool of a man and an absolute bounder who leaps into bed with his chauffeuse (Miss Diana Dors), gets roaring drunk at his own parties, and beats up his wife (Miss Dana Wynter) in front of the guests. Maybe I'm just stuffy.

The tedium of **By Love Possessed** must be endured to be believed. The setting is a New England town modelled, one would say, on Peyton Place and seething with intrigue and scandal. Let's see, now. There's Miss Lana Turner whose husband, Mr. Jason Robards, Jr., is an embittered cripple. Neglected by him, she has an affair with his lawyer-partner, Mr. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., whose marriage to Miss Barbara Bel Geddes has somehow gone sour on him. Then there's that trustworthy-looking Mr. Thomas Mitchell, head of the law firm: he's been quietly embezzling the clients' funds for years, the dear old thing. And there's his neurotic ward, Miss Susan Kohner—madly in love with Mr. Zimbalist's surly son, Mr. George Hamilton; he really loves her back, but, to rile his father, who wants him to marry the girl, he pretends he doesn't. When Mr. Hamilton is accused of rape by a man-eating miss he has been sullenly playing around with, Miss Kohner commits suicide. This, for some reason that eludes me, makes a new man and woman of everybody concerned, reunites the married couples and makes Mr. Hamilton, who felt unwanted, realize that his Dad loves him after all. I am told by those who have read it that the novel on which this dreary film is based is not at all bad. If I were the author, I'd be inclined to sue.

The Keepers, a brilliantly directed French film, is a chilling (because utterly unsensational) study of life in a lunatic asylum. It is beautifully acted—and it moved me deeply.



"Beethoven always gets me just here"

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

The Wandering Years, by Cecil Beaton. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 30s.)

The Eye Of The Wind, by Peter Scott. (Hodder & Stoughton, 42s.)

The Long Run, by Cicely Howland. (Gollancz, 21s.)

What was under the Planter's Hat

THE WORLD IS DIVIDED INTO TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE—THOSE WHO immediately fall upon any letter or diary left lying around and read on to the end, and those who are so addicted to personal documents of all kinds that—like a reformed alcoholic who has foresworn so much as a sip of shrub—they can be locked, shuddering and coming out in nasty rashes, into a sealed room with the personal diaries of their dearest friends and never so much as glance at the covers. They know it's only a matter of hanging on until publication.

I belong to this second, obsessive group, and am therefore delighted with Cecil Beaton's diaries, written between 1922 and 1939, and called

The Wandering Years. Anyone who has worked, even briefly, with this tireless, tough, vulnerable, kind-hearted and quick-witted perfectionist knows perfectly well that contrary to popular report Mr. Beaton does not float six feet above the ground on a small cloud made of gold *lamé*, and is not always to be found drinking jasmine tea out of priceless porcelain under the old cedar tree while wearing the famous Planter's Hat. It is no surprise, in fact, to find that the diaries, besides being gossipy, full of names, and amusing, are also sharply observant, ceaselessly self-critical and self-doubting, uncomfortably aware of the way in which the author used work and ambition as a drug, guilty because of the conflict between his affection for his father and his constant hankering after the world that belonged to the smart and the rich. It is an enormously illuminating book, coloured by a curious kind of nervous, glittering unhappiness and a painful honesty, about a multi-talented man with an apparently limitless reserve of energy, who attained even more material success than he aimed for without ever being able to buy all the values, standards and attitudes of the world he partly coveted, partly despised.

From time to time the diarist, who is as precise, idiosyncratic and meticulous in words as with a camera, launches into a magnificently baroque portrait, as in the case of the stupendous Mrs. Mosscockle, born Rita Sparrow, who at nearly 80, wore a marmalade wig and kept 24 Pekes, besides many more buried in her dogs' cemetery which housed, among others, Champion General Kuoki of Mayfair, Yum-Yum and Dot. There are also some splendid Cambridge episodes, with sentences that are peculiarly haunting ("He said he had heard Oxford was a bed of intrigue, with plots and notes left on pillows: 'Why has your attitude changed towards me?'") . . . "He told me about Monica Moulting and how he took her into a wood and made her listen to the trees growing, and how he could sit and look at her back for hours." . . . "David Cecil arrived in a taxi, together with a frightfully affected person from Oxford.") My favourite photographic caption (and there is no one like Mr. Beaton for codding glossy captions) reads magnificently "Venice: C.B., Mrs. Alison Settle and Mrs. Violet Whish half-hidden by her daughter," and my favourite picture is a mysterious snap of the author, in natty riding boots and apparently smoking a cigar, giving a friendly piggy-back to Miss Anita Loos, also in boots.

It was in the 1930's that I first became aware of the danger which threatened the Né-Né or Hawaiian Goose. . . ." This is the sort of sentence in Mr. Peter Scott's enormous autobiography *The Eye of the Wind* that may or may not set your heart aflame. Mr. Scott seems to me to spend 662 chatty pages pulling his collar up round his ears, mulling his face in a false beard and carefully avoiding his reader's eye, while giving the appearance of a cheerful, extroverted, jolly 'good fellow, but I may be grossly misjudging him. If this had turned out to be a bitter, complaining, jumpy work by someone permanently damaged by a legacy of uninvited fame, one might have felt discouraged but not at all surprised; as it is it's impossible not to like Mr. Scott for being so studiously cheerful and hearty, doing so much and doing it so well, and telling us so often how happy he was and is. For me the most interesting chapters were those on his childhood, though I should have liked a great deal more about his fascinating and surely fairly formidable mother (for a time he was dressed in Greek tunics bought in Paris from Isadora Duncan's brother; Mr. Scott appears to have taken it calmly in his stride.) The first goose he shot was a Bean Goose; to me this is a staggering piece of information, but not necessarily for the same reasons that would appeal to a genuine goose-girl.

The Long Run, by Cicely Howland is an account of a passionate *vie intime* which sounds both astonishingly dated and very much the sort of thing Elfine Starkadder might have got up to if Flora Poste hadn't arrived in the nick of time. Among others, Jean-Louis Barrault was an early lover; she called him Loup, they danced the tango together ("He took hold of me and, surrendering ourselves to the deep pulsing rhythm, we danced") and "one day, roaming together in the woods near Fontainebleau, on an impulse we dropped on all fours and scurried howling through the undergrowth. The wolf and the tiger." All you little wolves scurrying even now through the undergrowth, beware lest your tiny

tigers are already planning a book. *The Long Run* is entirely amazing and is written with a deep seriousness which has to be read to be believed. In view of the single-mindedness of the main theme, the title gives me a wild recurring vision of Miss Howland fleeing Thurberishly, and through the undergrowth you bet, pursued by any number of assorted flagging wolves.



Don Giovanni, by Mozart

Beyond The Fringe, by Dudley Moore, Jonathan Miller, Peter Cook, Alan Bennett

La Favorita, by Donizetti

All aboard the 22b

TO THOSE WHO ARE CONCERNED WITH SUCH THINGS, MOZART'S *Don Giovanni* hardly rates as an unfamiliar piece. But I'll bet there is not one among them who has ever heard a performance of the item that appears in the score, numbered like a London bus, as "22b." This is a scene which Mozart added when *Don Giovanni* was first performed in Vienna, a year after its Prague première in 1787, and so far as anyone knows it has never been included since. The reason for the change was that the Viennese tenor wasn't good enough to sing Don Ottavio's lovely *Il mio tesoro* in Act II, Scene 2, so it was cut and Mozart wrote him *Dalla sua pace* to sing in Act I, Scene 3, instead. This left a gap which the composer filled with a comic scene between Zerlina and Leporello, the soubrette and *buffo*, where Zerlina ties Leporello into a chair and the chair to the bars of a window. Zerlina goes off and leaves Leporello looking extremely silly; the only way he can escape is by pulling the window bars out of their sockets and running away with the chair still fastened to his backside.

Since 1788 or so, no tenor has ever admitted he can't sing *Il mio tesoro*, and the Zerlina-Leporello scene is therefore inevitably omitted; the plot of *Don Giovanni* has got into enough of a muddle at this stage already, without adding to the confusion. RCA, being a gramophone company and indifferent to the headaches of the opera house, have taken advantage of their position and have included the whole scene in their new, complete—and for the first time in history it is complete—recording of *Don Giovanni* (mono: RE 25028-31; stereo: SER 4528-31). The duet proves to be an enchanting piece of music, which one would willingly hear in the theatre in place of half the performances of *Il mio tesoro* one has had to suffer there. This is a very good *Don Giovanni* anyway, even without the bonus. Cesare Siepi is one of the most virile and attractive Dons we've had since Pinza, Cesare Valletti has no trouble in justifying the inclusion of both Ottavio's arias, and Birgit Nilsson, now reputed to be the world's most highly paid singer, makes more of the drama in Donna Anna's part than you will hear from anybody else these days. RCA's policy of recording really complete versions of operas which have traditionally been cut and altered for one reason or another over the years (they did with *The Barber of Seville*, not long ago) shows a rare and imaginative appreciation of the gramophone's possibilities.

The ancient, entertaining, but difficult art of musical parody and caricature has come to life again with the development of the LP. Alec Templeton, Anna Russell, Victor Borge, and Donald Swann have all been able to record their party pieces and thus often reach a more expertly appreciative public than they normally get in a theatre. Now we have young Mr. Dudley Moore (Mus. Bac.—I trust—Oxon.) who contributes three witty and by no means unmalicious musical items to the Parlophone recording of a performance of *Beyond the Fringe* (PMC 1145). The best of them, *Little Miss Britten*, is a hilarious version of "Little Miss Muffet" in the manner of Benjamin Britten, and as sung, of course, by Peter Pears. Mr. Moore also applies his musical malice to Schubert and Fauré, who suffer some very funny teasing indeed. Any more, Mr. Moore?

Cetra, continuing their welcome propaganda for Donizetti's music, have now added *La Favorita* to their cheap "Opera Club" series (OLPC 1218—three records). There are one or two pretty hefty cuts in this recording, but that's because it was originally a studio performance broadcast before the Italians had their own Third Programme and could bumble on indefinitely. *La Favorita* has always been one of my favourite operas ever since I first listened inattentively to a broadcast of it

before the war and was shocked, after so much gay and cheerful music, to learn that the heroine fell stone-cold dead at the final curtain. It was a disturbing moment. The opera is frequently revived in Italy, but it hasn't been heard at Covent Garden since 1912, which seems unnecessary, particularly as Fedora Barbieri, who sings the lead in this Cetra recording magnificently, has been a frequent visitor to the Royal Opera House since the war and is still at the top of her form.

ROBERT
WRAIGHT
ON
GALLERIES

Cézanne, Pavillon de Vendôme, Aix-en-Provence

Henry Moore, New London Gallery

Condescending to Cézanne

RIVIERA-BOUND MOTORISTS ENTERING AIX-EN-PROVENCE THIS SUMMER are greeted by arrestingly beautiful posters announcing an important exhibition at the Pavillon de Vendôme. The city is honouring its greatest son, the man whose name is ranked in art histories with those of Giotto, Leonardo, Rembrandt and Titian, the man who has become the most influential painter of all time—Paul Cézanne. Ironically, it is almost entirely a loan exhibition, for the city in which the artist was born and died, and spent most of his life, owns only three watercolours

by him, and two of these were gifts from an American. Shortly after his death in 1906 Aix could have bought at knockdown prices many of those pictures which in the crazy, present-day art market are reckoned to be worth a quarter of a million pounds apiece.

But although, as we are reminded by the present mayor of Aix in a catalogue note, the then mayor of the city thought Cézanne "*un grand peintre*," his views were not generally shared. On the occasion of an exhibition the year before he died his pictures were described by French critics as the work of a "lamentable failure" and of "a drunken scavenger." Even the distinguished critic Camille Mauclair, a champion of the Impressionists, could see little virtue in "this honest old man who paints for pleasure . . . produces heavy, badly constructed pictures . . . and has never been able to produce what one could call an *oeuvre*." And as late as 1931 the editorial column of *La Voix Provençale d'Aix* asked why the admirers of Cézanne mocked the public by remembering him, and forecast that his celebrity would not last, except as a bad joke.

It is easy for us, with all the weight of modern critical opinion (not to mention the, generally, far more convincing fact of £220,000 paid

PAUL CÉZANNE: *His Mill by the Couleuvre at Pontoise* was painted in 1881 and hangs in the Berlin State Museum



two years ago for *Le Garçon au Gilet Rouge*) behind us, to laugh at these gaffes. But are we really so much wiser? I wonder how many of the millionaires who cross cheque-books whenever a major Cézanne comes up for sale can say what is so special about this artist's work, or what was the revolutionary contribution to painting that he made.

To them, particularly, I recommend this exhibition. It is not so big as one might wish, but it still covers admirably the main periods of his development. Just how great this development was may be taken in quickly by looking first at the heavy, badly constructed portrait of Cézanne père, dated 1860-3, and then at the big, light, architecturally conceived sketch for the famous *Baigneuses*, dated 1902-6. But more important than either of these to an understanding of Cézanne is a *Landscape with poplars* painted around 1880. Here is the beginning of his attempt to show Nature as a unity in which everything is related formally to everything else. The problem was old but Cézanne's approach to it was new. The linear perspective and chiaroscuro upon which other artists relied so much to produce an illusion of space were of secondary importance in his pictures. In his landscapes the primary source of construction, depth and composition comes from the subtle modulation of colour which he achieved by unrelenting effort.

The blow of returning to London after any length of time in a pleasanter climate is always softened, for me, by the wealth of first-class exhibitions to be seen here. This time, a first morning back spent among Henry Moore's stone and wood carvings at the New London so completely dispelled after-holiday blues that, on my way to the office, my natty tropical suiting was soaked through before I even noticed it was raining. Only a few days remain in which to see the exhibition, but see it you must. If you are in doubt as to why Moore is so highly esteemed throughout the world you will find an answer there.



JANUS MORTIMER

August is close season for Ashridge College, Herts. Formerly a citizenship college, Ashridge now concentrates on management development and will re-open on 4 September for a one-month course for executives. The college is an enclave in National Trust property. You can picnic on the Trust land but not in the Park itself as incorrectly stated in *The Tatler* of 7 June

MAN'S WORLD

Sea-chest for Cowes

David Morton

IT SEEMS AN APPROPRIATE TIME, WITH COWES WEEK WELL UNDER WAY, to consider yachting and sailing clothes. I went to Captain O. M. Watts's showroom (49 Albemarle Street, W.1) to browse. It's a fascinating shop, part ship's chandler, part bookshop, part sailing outfitter, and wholly unexpected in Mayfair. I can never pass the window without looking at the display; upstairs, on the first floor, there is an

excellent selection of books on all manner of nautical subjects, as well as sextants, chronometers, cleats, blocks, oars, radios, riding lights and all manner of other gear which brings the sea very close. Climb another floor and you find yourself in the clothing department. It has a delightful smell of oiled wool and oilskins. There are racks with every kind of sailing clothing to be had, all of them intensely practical, as well as kapok and inflator jackets, yachting boots and sailbags.

The purpose of clothes at sea is to keep you safe, warm and dry. One of the best maxims is that it is much easier to keep dry than to get dry, so oilskins are important, whether you decide on a dinghy suit or a storm coat. Plastic has made great advances possible in oilskin—it tends to stick less to itself, smells less, and bonds easily to other materials to minimize tearing. Yellow is still the traditional colour, for ease of spotting if the wearer goes overboard. There seems to be a psychological block with some yachtsmen—they won't put on oilskins until the last minute; but when the rain starts or seas are running high and the spray's breaking over, it's best to be good and ready.

Light, warm, well-maintained old clothes are best for sailing. A flannel shirt with long sleeves, light sailcloth trousers or shorts and a sweater are basic essentials. Footwear must be slip resistant—Captain Watts sells Dunlop Magister shoes and boots. The shoes, with a honeycomb rubber sole and navy blue nylon uppers, cost 47s. 11d., and the short black rubber boots, with the same sort of sole, are 42s. 11d. It's wise to take a rather larger size of boot than usual, so that you can kick them off quickly in an emergency. The extra space can be filled with thick socks—12s. 6d. If you wear shoes, you may prefer to be sockless. I am rather against rope-soled shoes—they seem to lose their gripping power with age as the rope sole collects grit. Bare feet are cheapest, and quickest drying.

Dinghy sailors, sitting on the gunwale or side deck and leaning at an improbable angle over green water, go for dinghy shorts, the seat padded with foam rubber for sitting out; made of normal weight sailcloth, they cost 37s. 6d. A dinghy sailing suit in P.V.C., the smock fitted with an attached hood, large pockets and storm cuffs, and the trousers fitted with braces, costs £5 5s. 0d. Other useful garments at Captain Watts's store are oiled wool Norwegian sweaters, £3 5s. 0d., and a replica of the Breton fishermen's smock, made of lightweight sailcloth with an inside pocket, for 42s. 6d. Choose from navy, royal, red and Breton red. There are some practical sailcloth sailing jackets, about £3. Unless you decide on a sou'wester (12s. 6d.) or a yachting cap (£2, white plastic cover 6s.) there is the very practical knitted woollen cap, with pompon 9s. 6d. The last has the benefit of being secure.

The most important item is the "floater." Some sort of life jacket is essential even to first-class swimmers—anybody can lose their balance. The choice lies between inflatable lifejackets or the kapok or cork kind. An air lifejacket is positively buoyant and is slimmer to wear, but it must be checked regularly for punctures. Some inflator jackets have CO₂ bottles for emergency use as well as topping-up tubes for mouth inflation; you can also buy them with signalling lamps for use at night. Kapok lined sailcloth jackets are excellent investments; so are the blue and orange reversible waistcoats, designed to support the head above water. They have excellent flotation qualities and cost from 21s. 6d. to 49s. 6d according to your chest measurement—it works out at about 1s. an inch. Also at Captain Watts's are the Marksway buoyancy clothes, jackets, waistcoats or smocks which employ a novel method of flotation that requires no action from the wearer. Buoyancy without bulk for something just over £5.

Shoregoing rig can be either navy blue guernsey and flannels with blue yachting shoes for informal wear, or a dark blue reefer jacket, dark flannels and a white shirt for more formal occasions. Gieves's reefer jackets have the right sort of nautical look to them. Cap and blazer badges can be had to any design from Captain Watts. If you aren't a member of a yachting or sailing club, stick to the gold anchor surrounded by a laurel wreath (21s.). A man I know once sported a cap badge with a dashing nautical motif and the mysterious initials WFF. Mysterious, until he found they stood for Woolwich Free Ferry . . . he's still living it down.

WEDDINGS



TOM HUSTLER

Miss Geraldine Curteis to Mr. William John Stevens Purbrick. *She* is the daughter of Captain Sir Gerald & Lady Curteis, of Sevenoaks, Kent. *He* is the son of Mr. J. S. Purbrick, of Melbourne, Australia, & Mrs. Purbrick, of Dores Hill, Newbury, Berkshire

Moss—Baker: Valerie, daughter of the late Mr. W. F. Moss & Mrs. Seymour Dearden, of Chiddingfold, Surrey, was married to James, son of Lieutenant-Colonel & Mrs. George Baker, of Lurgashall, Sussex, at Chiddingfold Church

Somerset—van Moyland: the Hon. Cecil Somerset, daughter of Lord & Lady Raglan, Monmouthshire, was married to Jan Steengracht, son of Baron & Baroness van Moyland, of Pant-y-Goytre Mon., at St. Margaret's, Westminster



FAYER

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Marijke Inge de Boer to Mr. John Mullock Hignett. *She* is the only daughter of Mr. R. G. de Boer, of Amsterdam and Mrs. C. Burreke, of Milan. *He* is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hignett, of 6 Eaton Square, S.W.1



TOM HUSTLER

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Mr. H. J. A. Lindsay and
Miss C. C. Buchanan**

The engagement is announced between Hugh, son of the Hon. James and Mrs. Lindsay, of Heddon Hall, Parracombe, North Devon, and Carolyn, younger daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Buchanan, of St. Anne's Manor, Sutton Bonington, near Loughborough.

**Mr. J. M. S. Whitehead and
Miss A. J. Bentley**

The engagement is announced between John Michael Spannaje, son of the late Arther Spannaje Whitehead and Mrs. Isaline Whitehead, of Ivy House Farm, New Town, Linford, Leicester, and Alanda Joy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey T. Bentley, of Acorns, Fisher Park Avenue, Esher, Surrey.

**Mr. W. K. Musker and
Miss A. Carleton**

The engagement is announced between Keith, son of the late Mr. A. E. Musker and Mrs. Musker, of Abbey Farm, Ormskirk, and Ann, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Carleton, 12, Oxford Road, Birkdale, and granddaughter of Lady Jane Carleton.

**Mr. J. A. Carney and
Miss B. M. Gothard**

The engagement is announced between John Anthony, son of Mrs. Mary L. Carney, of The Cornes, Broadway, Duffield, Derbyshire, and the late William John Carney, and Bridget Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gothard, of Nettleover House, near Derby.

**Mr. D. K. Shead and
Miss K. E. A. Macdonald**

The engagement is announced between Donovan, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Shead, of Firs Cottage, Barnt Green, Worcestershire, and Aileen, eldest daughter of Dr. W. T. Macdonald, M.C., and Mrs. Macdonald, of The Bracken, Barnt Green, Worcestershire.

**Mr. J. R. D. Scriven and
Miss S. V. Maxwell**

The engagement is announced between Tim, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Douglas Scriven, of The Dower House, Walberton, Sussex, and Artillery Mansions, London, S.W.1, and Valerie, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Terence Maxwell, of 3, Chester Street, London, S.W.1.

**Captain C. Gately and
Miss E. J. Murphy**

The engagement is announced between Charles Gately, The Lancashire Regiment (Prince of Wales's Volunteers), son of Mrs. M. Gately, of 28, Millman Street, W.C.1, and Elizabeth Jane Murphy, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Murphy, of 95, Altonhill Avenue, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.

**Mr. I. C. Fletcher and
Miss P. L. Pitt**

The engagement is announced between Ian Campbell, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fletcher, 29, Bellsdyke Road, Larbert, Stirlingshire, and Philippa Lucy, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. P. F. Pitt, The Laurels, Whissendine, Rutland.

**Lieutenant D. W. Mitchell, R.N., and
Miss S. Quirk**

The engagement is announced between Donald William, son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Mitchell, of Brown Gables, Rose Walk, Purley, and Sorel, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald C. Quirk, of White Lodge, Hillcroft Avenue, Purley.

**Mr. N. H. Shepherd-Smith and
Miss V. Squarey**

The engagement is announced between Neil, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Shepherd-Smith, of Oldbury, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, and Vanessa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Squarey, of The Barn, Beaconsfield.

**Mr. C. E. Bates and
Miss M. Stutley**

The engagement is announced between Clive, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Bates, of Grange Farm, Wrestlingworth, Bedfordshire, and Mary, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Stutley, of The Elms, Wymondley, Hertfordshire.

**Mr. R. M. Kennedy and
Miss R. Watters Westbrook**

The engagement is announced between Robert Marshall, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Kennedy, 24, Johnston Avenue, Dundee, and Rae, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Watters Westbrook, Starkie House, Adlington, Cheshire.

The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line. See page iii for details.



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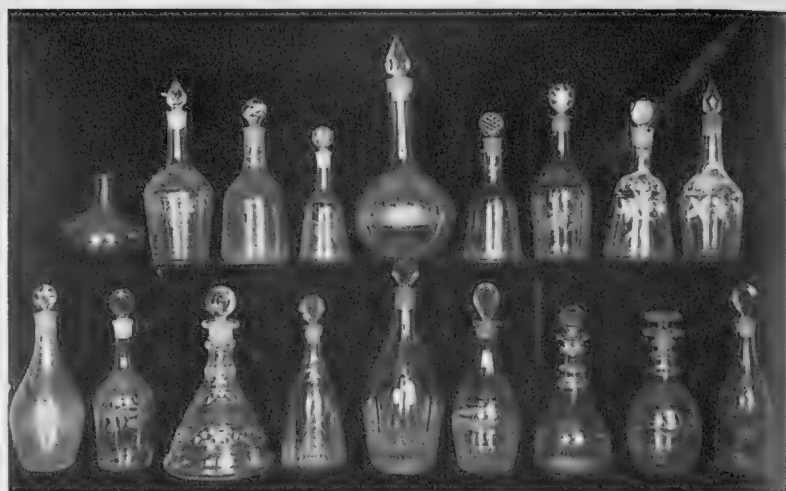
NOT SO LONG AGO, THE GUINEA-FOWL MIGHT HAVE DISAPPEARED altogether from the market but for some producers in Ireland who persevered in raising them. There are some growers in this country, but not enough to affect the price of the birds. Before World War II we could buy them for as little as 6s. a brace. They were Hungarian birds and good ones. During the war and in the immediate post-war years, when chicken were so scarce, guinea-fowl went up in price as high as 30s. each. Though I had always regarded them as pleasant birds—poultry with a slight game flavour—it was then that I lost interest in them. It is difficult to reconcile 30s. with 3s.

Guinea-fowl are not quick frozen and so far the broiler people have not gone in for them. As far as I am concerned there is nothing wrong with broiler birds, except that they are reared to produce much flesh in a short space of time and, in addition, are killed, drawn, washed and frozen, if not as quickly as it has taken you to read these last few lines, still very quickly indeed. The point of flavour in a guinea-fowl is that it is hung undrawn. And that could be the answer for all of us. Incidentally, if you are going to roast a broiler chicken, try this: Instead of making stock from the giblets, wash and season them and place them inside the bird, together with a nice lump of butter into which you have worked a little salt and pepper. Coat the bird with butter, sprinkle it with further salt and pepper and roast it in the usual way, first resting it on one side, then turning it on to the other half-way through the cooking. The giblets will impart the true chicken flavour. But back to guinea-fowl. Selfridge's have tender young Irish ones, 2½ lb. each, at 12s. 6d. Mr. Gooding of the poultry department tells me that he will continue to stock guinea-fowl until partridges arrive again. Guinea-fowl can stand in for game.

ROAST GUINEA-FOWL. Some years ago I was the judge of the semi-final of a nation-wide cookery competition, in which each county took part. After I had chosen the winner in my area, I asked her about the final contest. She told me that there would be various dishes for which the finalists would draw lots, and added that it would be just her bad luck to pick the guinea-fowl, because she had never even seen, let alone cooked, one. Having roasted many a guinea-fowl when they were only 3s. each, I was able to give her a few tips against disaster. Briefly, roast guinea-fowl as you would chicken, but give them slightly less time, because they so quickly become dry. I always allow about 45 minutes in all, starting the cooking in a hot oven (450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8), reducing the heat after 10 minutes to 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4.

But first wash the giblets and dust them with salt and pepper. Put them, except the liver, inside the bird, together with a nice piece of butter, seasoned as above. Spread the whole bird with softened butter and sprinkle with more seasoning, also as I have suggested above for chicken. Then bake for the time given. The trick here is to watch the bird. After 30 minutes, insert your large fork into the body, without puncturing the flesh, and tip the bird backwards. If the juice which comes out is red, put the guinea-fowl back in the oven for another 5 to 10 minutes, then test it again. The bird should be beautifully cooked and remain deliciously moist. Fifteen minutes before the end of cooking, add the sliced liver to the baking tin. Finally, remove the bird to a heated serving-dish. Mash the liver. Add a little sherry and ¼ pint stock or vegetable water. Rub it around to remove the residue from the tin and you will have enough luscious gravy. Garnish roast guinea-fowl with watercress and pass the gravy separately.

All this I told my semi-finalist who, together with three others, had indeed to cook a guinea-fowl in the final competition. I am pleased to say that she followed my suggestions and won top prize, which was gratifying to us both.



W. G. T. BURNS

From left: Top: c. 1700, serving bottle; c. 1760, engraved label, Lisbon; c. 1760, lozenge stopper; c. 1760, Hock label; c. 1750, jeroboam, with Bacchus engraving; c. 1760 early, cutting at neck and foot; c. 1760 label engraved White; c. 1760, enamelled in white by Beilby of Newcastle, Port; c. 1760, signed Beilby pinxit; Bottom row: c. 1770, club shape, early facet cuts; c. 1760, Cyder label; c. 1800, ship's decanter; c. 1770 engraved with stars; c. 1770, tapering ice pocket; c. 1770, prism engraving; c. 1810, Irish; c. 1810 Irish, engraved; c. 1770 early label, W. Wine

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Introducing decanters

Albert Adair

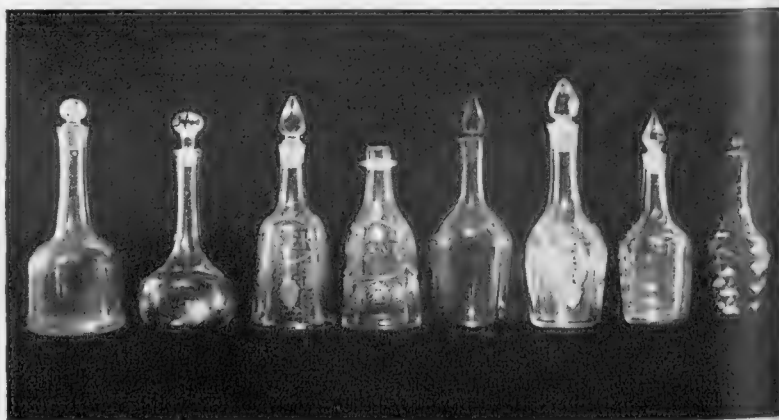
WINE MERCHANTS CLAIM THAT SINCE THE WAR WINE HAS BECOME YEAR by year more popular in England. The consumption of familiar wines has certainly gone up, but the old-fashioned connoisseur is becoming as rare a bird as the 18th-century decanter. It is relevant therefore, to introduce some of the finest English decanters. They are beautiful objects in themselves, and the colour of good vintage wine seen through the glass of an old decanter must rank as one of the great pleasures of life.

The laying down of a cellar is a ceremony now practised by only a few exclusive homes and clubs, but to the host who serves wine I would suggest that 18th-century decanters and a set of 18th-century wine glasses are an essential part of the dinner table.

My remarks on English drinking glasses last year were not accompanied by a great selection to illustrate. For decanters, however, I have gathered the widest selection I could find, by courtesy of Messrs. G. T. Burns of Davies Street, Mayfair. Prices range from five to several hundred pounds and therefore suit every pocket. Which would you choose for vintage claret, the richest Madeira, or the driest sherry?

From left: c. 1740, early mallet shape; c. 1750, onion shape; c. 1760, rare label, Beer; c. 1760, serving bottle, engraved Sargent's Inn; c. 1760, green glass; engraved Huzzah for Upton and Lowther, shouldered type; c. 1760, made at Lynn, pinnacle stopper; c. 1760, blue glass

WALLACE HEATON



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